

# getting it on

dr. joseph winchester



RITES OF PASSAGE: HOMOSEXUAL HISTORIES  
OF 6 HETEROSEXUAL AMERICAN BOYS

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# **GETTING IT ON**

**Rites of Passage:  
Homosexual Histories of  
Six Heterosexual American Boys**

*by Dr. Joseph Winchester*

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# *Introduction*

In my first book, *Pulling it Off*, I set down the physical masturbation practices of some preadolescent and young adolescent American boys as they themselves spoke about them in roughly contemporaneous tape recordings. That book was organized around masturbatory themes, and thus the boys' statements were fragmented: some boys were quoted only once, others several times.

One reviewer regretted that the book's design precluded the reader gaining an impression of the individual boys themselves. He longed for a successor study, one based upon the same recorded material but which revealed more about these boys, their lives and (homo)sexual histories; one which, in other words, brought the speakers to life very much as biography or autobiography might. The present book is a partial attempt to do just that. Its scope has been expanded to include true homosexual activities and relationships and it focuses on the histories of just six of those boys – all, if that label has any meaning at all, heterosexuals.

In assembling this material I was very much aware of potential risks to the respondents – much greater risks than were run in the previous study. Masturbation, after all, is a universal practice and being caught at it is usually not catastrophic. Sexual relations with one's comrades, or with an adult man, on the other hand, would have much more serious social consequences. Thus I have been at some pains to keep identities undiscoverable.

Localities, of course, then had to be disguised, the more so since nearly all the boys lived in small towns or villages. Sometimes I have altered family structures where these didn't play a decisive role in the boys' lives. In general, the older the record the less alteration and substitution of detail was necessary.

I had to make many difficult textural decisions. Every one of these boys had a characteristic way of expressing himself: slang words (sexual and otherwise), verbal patterns, expletives which were peculiar not only to his milieu and times but to himself as an individual. These of necessity had to be excised and replaced with a more general mode of expression. As a result I have the uncomfortable feeling that in my book their voices tend to sound all too much the same, while in reality, and on the tapes, they certainly didn't, and don't.

A lot, too, has been cut out. While some of the boys, and all of the boys during some interviews, were willing to let their tongues carry them into the most intimate eddies of their experience, at other times they needed a certain amount of encouragement. Thus the conversations as they appear in my book have been shorn of hundreds of prompts: “And then what did you do...?” “What was *he* doing?” “What did he mean by that?” The reader will find that I have allowed some of my questions and commentary to survive, enough, I hope, to retain conversational spontaneity.

There were also lengthy and enthusiastic descriptions of the boys' girl-friends, heterosexual attempts, triumphs and defeats, most of which I have deleted: this book is, after all, about homosexual experience in the young. It is necessary, then, to keep in mind that all of these boys dreamed of intimacy and love with girls even as they enjoyed sex with members of their own gender, and all of them later became successful lovers of girls and women.

Finally, there is the matter of making a verbal record readable. Anyone who has examined court depositions or read informal proceedings in the Congressional Record knows how bumbling even a well



thought-out extemporaneous speech can read if set down word for word. The problem is even more acute when the speaker is an adolescent boy. I have elected here not only to cut out most of the “umms” and “ahs” and “you knows” and the kind of verbal repetitions people use while gathering their thoughts to go on, but also to clean up syntax – completing sentences where a sudden change of direction had left them dangling, substituting the proper tense where confusion might result, etc. Sometimes I have even put words in the mouths of the boys where I felt amplification was necessary: for example, “So I ran over to Bob's...” might be changed to, “So I ran over to Bob's – he lives on the next farm...” I am sure this will irritate nit-pickers in the psychological professions, but, since this body has closed its doors hard against any scientific exposition of such material as is gathered here, it has only itself to blame: this book is not meant for them; it is written for the general reader who I hope will appreciate rather than regret these small cosmetics.

Listening to these tapes is like traveling back in time. As might be expected, much of the material (again, largely deleted from their stories here) deals with hobbies, momentary enthusiasms and problems, family, friends, and thus it gives a vivid picture of the times, the community. Several of the boys would talk endlessly, if you would let them, about the currently popular music, and it is interesting, since the interviews span so many years, to see how the heroes and heroines of youth changed from good-time rock 'n rollers to social protesters to the born-again and brainless muscle-men. I confess that I have never been enthusiastic about pop cult figures, but I find the selection of idols successive generations of young people make most revealing. These were the years that began with Johnson and the Viet-Nam War, with longings for peace and clean space, of flower power and free love, when John Denver sang of soaring as an eagle high above the mountain tops. No matter that the counter-culture was often sodden with mind-wilting drugs and irrational beliefs which put the established religions to shame; it was a movement of hope and gentleness and lofty ideals. Those years ended with Reagan, despair, Rambo, and, of course, the sexual counter-revolution where the Christian fundamentalists, the furious feminists, the radical right and a new breed of puritan psychologist and psychiatrist joined hands to yank society back to medieval repression and violence. It is a sad two and a half decades which these tapes span, years first of optimism, then of regression, loss of confidence, increasing militarism and national indebtedness, and the onset of a terrible sexually transmitted disease which nobody has yet found a way of combating.

Despite this gloomy downward spiral of the '60s, '70s and '80s, the tapes of these boys are salutary. One's overwhelming impression is one of health, vigor, challenge to nonsense. One realizes that in its fund of young people the world has a most precious, and constantly renewable, asset which all the evil of corrupt governments, media mind-benders and professionals in the help and education industries have not been able totally to destroy. And, yes, the young remain sexually rebellious – and active.

The most important thing which we must all realize is that no science of sex has yet been successfully developed. There is a science of physics, of chemistry, of astronomy, even of medicine, and most of the frontier-treaders in these fields have liberated their work from myth, religion and popular superstitions. The behavioral professions, on the other hand, have not been so lucky: psychologists, sociologists are faced with a great multiplicity of variables in their study subjects, and impassioned personal resistance: people do complicated things from even more complicated motives, and as for controlled experiments, most men and women, boys and girls, violently object to being tinkered with. All of this has given ample opportunity for the rascals to creep in, a small group of men and women who have rather recently recognized child sex as a trendy new ecological niche in their various professions which they can occupy, monopolize and exploit, provided they label what they propose to study or report on as “abuse”. This

clique, with lovely poetic irony, has been labeled by liberated thinkers “the child abuse industry”.

It was immediately in the best interests of the child abuse industry to posit unlimited damage to minors from sexual experience. Children, they claimed, were not ready for sex, and being introduced to it too early would upset their “normal” sexual evolution. Sometimes the effects of too early sex were immediately noticeable: dry boys would start wetting their beds; they would start to do badly in school (or too well); they would become depressed (or suspiciously happy). Even if a child gave every indication that he or she was as normal as apple pie, the trauma would be there, lurking in the child's mind like the Huntington's Chorea gene, waiting to manifest itself, perhaps forty years later! (This latter claim was a most clever transposition into pseudo-medicine of the old Christian myth that an eternal hell awaits the sexual sinner.)

The child abuse industry has steadily enlarged its niche: “child abuse” (already an equivocal term, deriving as it does from “self abuse”) once meant child battery; now it means a child's involvement in sex. At first the child abuse industry concerned itself with men (“perpetrators”) doing things with little boys and little girls (the “victims”); next it included teenagers among the “victims”; a little later it was claiming that many of the *perpetrators* were adolescents; a 1988 study made the sensational discovery that there were even *pre-pubertal* perpetrators, some as young as six years of age! In the last fifteen years specialized professional journals have sprung up like mushrooms in the autumn, usually with “abuse” or “victimology” in the title, to publish the child abuse industry's “scientific” papers. It seems there is no end to the nonsense these people are willing to purvey – and the public is content to believe.

Until, then, such time as honest workers are willing and able to perform honest studies of the great breadth of sexual behavior in the young, the best one can do is disregard everything psychologists and psychiatrists, nurses, social workers, investigative journalists and pop stars (and their sisters) have ever written about minors and sex.

This book, then, does not purport to be scientific. It does claim honesty. As for representivity, the reader must keep in mind that several selective processes were at work here: first of all, my physical location. I did not live in large cities; I did not move among the wealthy or, professionally, among the poor. With the exception of Duane and possibly Jean-Michel, these were all middle-class small town or rural boys. And then, too, I admit to liking the out-of-doors, books, travel and science, and boys with similar interests stimulated my interest in them. Finally, the histories which I ultimately decided to include were selected not because they gave the broadest possible range of homosexual experience but because these boys were the most articulate, the most candid and their self-histories the most interesting.

Yet... I cannot believe my six stories are unique, that the boys who speak here had some kind of miraculous armor against the purported ill effects of their early sexual lives which other children lack. It would take an act of faith to believe that.

## *Teddy*

Teddy was an only child. His father had a series of clerical jobs in several towns in the southern agricultural part of the state. His mother painted landscapes for a hobby. Framed in native wood (birch, gnarly oak), her paintings sold moderately well in the local furniture shops, “enough, anyhow,” she joked, “to pay for the materials.”

My acquaintance with Teddy lasted from his 11<sup>th</sup> to his 15<sup>th</sup> year. He was a friendly boy with brown, straight hair that darkened as he went through puberty to near-black, rather deep-set blue eyes and a wide, generous mouth. His natural good looks were seasonally diminished by the short haircuts his father insisted on during the summers. Since this was a time when long hair for boys was fashionable, Teddy often felt himself socially “out”. He was, however, a good student and competent enough in sports to be easily accepted by his age-mates.

Teddy could never remember a time when he wasn't sexually active, at least with himself. Over masturbation, when I interviewed him at fourteen, he said:

I always did it. I mean, I don't remember a time when I didn't know about doing it. It was one of those things I looked forward to when I was put to bed. I'd play with my penis and it would make me sleepy. That was before I started to have orgasms. I did it years before I started to have orgasms.

In an interview made two years previously when he was, twelve he showed a bit of anxiety over masturbating as frequently as he did:

Uh... It's, well, before I go to sleep.

*In bed?*

Uh huh.

*Do you do it every night?*

Every...? You mean weekdays and Sundays, too?

Yes.

Naw [Long pause.] Not every night, no. Some nights but not every night. Like if we've just got



back from a long trip from Uncle Dave's [His father's brother lived nearly two hundred miles away.] and we always have to do the dishes after dinner, and then everyone sits around and talks, and then the little kids have to be put to bed and we have to wait until after that, so it's nine-thirty at least before we get in the car, and then Mom and Aunt Alice have to talk through the window for about an hour, so you're dead beat and half asleep when you get home, and then all I want to do is crawl into my bed and go right to sleep – so I don't even think about my cock, I just want my bed.

*How often do you do it?*

You mean touch my cock?

*I mean masturbate – jerk off.*

You mean go all the way through to a climax?

Yes.

Um, let me see. Uh. Most guys... Well, let's say about twice a week. That's about right. Maybe twice a week, yeah.

*That's not very much for a twelve-year-old.*

It isn't?

No.

You mean I should do it more?

*I don't think there's any should or shouldn't. The right amount is the amount you feel like doing it.*

Kyle's step-brother does it every night. That's what he told Kyle, anyhow; he does it every night. Every night. As soon as he goes to bed. I mean, every goddamned night, jerk off, and he gets sperm – that's too much, isn't it?

*Not for him, if that's what feels right.*

You know, you're my best friend, grown-up best friend, not like my father and mother, of course, because they're special. [Yawns.] Sometimes I just, a little, well, like on the bottom sheet, in bed, I mean, rub my cock stiff a little – okay... [Laughs.] rub my stiff cock a little, until I go to sleep.

By the time he was fourteen he had few feelings of guilt about masturbation and had developed quite a *schema* for getting the most out of it, but he still thought every night was too much:

Now, if you do it all that often, it isn't fun any more. You gotta let the feeling build up. I don't mean *now*, with you and Kyle and all – I mean when you're doing yourself because there's nobody doing it for you. You got to give the feeling a chance, you got to let your cock rest, forget about sex for a while. Then, wow! When you come it's like lightning.

*You mean it goes that fast?*

Yeah! [Laughs.] Sometimes, too. I mean the feeling's like lightning, at the end. Pow! Zowie! Blam! [Jumps up and delivers a few karate kicks to an imaginary opponent.] It goes all *though* you. It feels like the sperm's comin' from clear out of your *stomach!* [Sits down, suddenly serious.] I don't know – you gotta *plan* these things.

*What kind of plans do you make?*

I'll decide, like, well, next time'll be Sunday morning.

*When your mom and dad let you sleep in?*

Uh huh. And I'll save up thoughts. Like I've seen this girl, or there's been somebody on the TV, and I have a sort of vague idea about a story to put them in, and I won't let myself think that story out, not very far, anyhow ...

*What kind of story?*

Huh? Oh, I'll meet this chick on the beach and there's something between us, she'll say something like, "You seem a lot older than most of the boys around here," and I'll say, "Yeah, they seem pretty immature to me, too," so we'll break into this beach house or I'll find the hidden key and inside there'll be some booze and I'll mix her a daiquiri, you know, to get her in the mood, and we'll be lying on this white fluffy carpet and I slowly start to take her clothes off. [Here followed a piece-by-piece description of just how he would remove her T-shirt, bra, Levis and panties.] So there she'll be all naked and willing and *hot*. And then I'll cross my hands and grab the bottom of my T-shirt and flip it over the top of my head [Demonstrates this.] and she'll say, "I'll bet you're pretty big *in there* too," and when she sees it she'll say, "God, you're even *bigger* than I thought." And when I put it in her she'll be all ready and slippery and warm inside, and very smooth – don't have to use no spit or nothing.

*And when you do it with Kyle?*

[Laughs.] We *do* have to use spit or something!

*I mean, is it as good?*

How do I know? I never slipped it into a girl.

Teddy's first true sexual contact had not been with Kyle, who was his current best friend, but with an older boy, a counselor at a summer camp he had attended before he had come into puberty. The counselor taught handicrafts and canoeing to the younger boys. Teddy liked him, despite (or perhaps because of) all that happened later, especially when it seemed the counselor was paying more attention to him than to the others.

He taught me to swim. I didn't know how before. Oh, sure, I could dog-paddle and stuff, but that's all. He used to pull me over to sit on his lap. And something I remembered later: he used to breathe into my hair, I mean, his nose was *in* my hair, like he was perving on the smell, and he was sort of feeling up and down my arms with his hands and every so often coming off of them to tickle my tummy. You don't *do* that with a kid unless he's turning you on. I know that now but I didn't know that then. I just thought he was a neat guy, my *friend*.

*No sex at all – I mean that you felt?*

Absolutely none. I was, what, only nine? I had a little stub-pencil thing down there. It left me alone and I left it alone, mostly. And, besides, I didn't know *grown-ups* ever wanted to play with with penises. Penises were for pissing out of. The most fun with them was seeing how far you and the other boys in the cabin could piss, but that was between kids. When you were a baby, adults had to do things with your penis, like hold it for you when you pissed sometimes, or clean up your wet bed and stuff, but that wasn't 'cause they wanted to, it was because they had to, because they were responsible and you were just helpless.

*So your little pencil didn't get stiff when this counselor – you said adult; he was really only a teenager, wasn't he?*

Yeah, I guess so, but when you're a little kid you think a 17-year-old is an adult, don't you?

*This counselor stroked your arms and bounced you on his lap?*

Who knows? Little boys' cocks go up and down all the time. I wasn't thinking about sex, because I didn't know about sex.

*But he was.*

You better believe it! One night he crept into our cabin after everyone was asleep and picked

me up and carried me out into the woods. I mean, I actually woke up in his arms – I think he hit my leg on the door as he was going out or something and that woke me up. I said, “What the fuck...?” - No, I didn't say “What the fuck,” but you know what I mean, I wanted to know what the fuck was going on. I mean, was I being *kidnapped*? [Laughs..] That wasn't in the *program*. But he didn't say anything. He just took me out in the woods a ways, where we wouldn't be heard, not too far from the lake, and he laid me down on the pine needles.

*What, precisely, did he do?*

Well, first he pulled down my pajama bottoms. 'Cause we all had to wear pajamas – stupid rule. I like to sleep bare, but at camp they made us wear stuff, because then you don't get the sheets so dirty and they can save money by not washing them so often. People are always thinking about money, and that pisses me off.

*So there you were out in the woods with your hero.*

Hero? Well... [Laughs.] There I was out in the woods with this *creepo!* And he started playing with my cock, only like I said it wasn't really a cock then, just a little pee-pee. He said, “You have a beautiful pee-pee. Can you make it stand up for me?”

*And did it?*

I guess so, only I was a little nervous. He said, “Don't be nervous, this happens to a lot of little boys.”

*He was right, you know!*

I know that *now!* But I'm not sure if every kid gets diddled when he is only eight or nine.

*And he still had on his pants?*

Yeah, but he took 'em off, at least I remember all of a sudden there was this big man's cock he was trying to get me to hold.

*And you wouldn't hold it?*

I'm not sure, but I think he said something about doing back the nice thing he was doing to me, especially if we were real friends.

*And you weren't feeling like a real friend right then, I'll bet.*

[Laughs.] I guess I was pretty confused.

*Well, did you cooperate? Did you jerk him off, too?*

Well, I had that thing in my hand. How big's a nine-year-old's hand? How big's a seventeen-year-old's cock? I don't know if a hand that size can *do* very much for a man's boner, even if it wants to.

*Oh, yes, it can!*

Dirty old man! You perv over nine-year-olds?

*I wish I'd met you when you were nine.*

At this point a playful but rather prolonged wrestling match ensued. It resulted, as both of us intended that it result, in a stalemate, with me lying on top of his rather wiry body.

You playing camp-counselor?

*You want me to?*

The interview continued about a half hour later.

*You never finished telling me what happened out there in the woods. You left it with your*

*little nine-year-old hand feeling up a late adolescent cock. Did that cock get what it was looking for?*

You bet. He was lying down beside me, jerking my little pee-pee, and he said, "I'm going to hug you. I'm going to hug you in a very special way." Well, that didn't sound so bad. Getting hugs from someone you like is OK, right?

*So he rubbed off on you?*

First he rubbed spit all over my lower stomach, and *then* he lay down on top of me and, hugged me in that special way. [Laughs.] He humped his cock on me until he shot. I didn't know what shooting was then. I couldn't figure out why he'd gone to all that trouble just to play with my pee-pee and rub his cock on me. Boy, was I ever naive!

*Were you surprised by the sperm?*

At first I didn't even notice it.

*Didn't notice his come on your stomach?*

I guess I just thought it was the spit.

*Sperm looks – and feels and smells – quite a bit different.*

It was dark out there. I didn't notice the smell until maybe the next time or two.

*So it happened more than once?*

Yes, about a dozen times, I think. Just about every night after that. I asked him what it was all about, but all he said was it had to do with making babies, only there weren't any mothers around so sometimes guys got it on with each other – I'd understand when I got a little older, it was difficult to explain now. And then he put his finger to his lips and said "Don't tell anybody. This is a secret for just you and me."

*What did you really know about sex then?*

How do you mean?

*Well, about masturbation, about fucking, about guys getting it on with guys, that sort of thing.*

I'd seen some other kids with hards on, I think, but I just figured that was what penises *did*. I didn't know why. I wondered if other kids played with theirs like I did, sometimes, but I guess I'd never thought about them doing it to each other. What I thought about it then – well, I just don't remember very good. I must have been about eight before I realized that *every* time I rubbed it and it started to feel good it got hard, too. Because it was hard a lot of the time when I *didn't* rub it and it *wasn't* feeling especially good.

*But this guy, this counselor, wouldn't tell you anything?*

No. He just, like I say, just took me out and rubbed off on me and told me it was our secret.

*Did you get anything out of it?*

How do you mean?

*Well, did you have an orgasm, or did you get turned on by what this older boy was doing?*

Well, I didn't have an orgasm, I remember that. I *think* I had a boner. After a while – like after the third or fourth time – I enjoyed it. I'd got used to it happening by then. The first time – I don't know, waking up with this big man carrying you out into the forest. Sure, you trust him, like he was my friend, my sort-of-hero, and all, but still... Yeah, there *was* a nice feeling in my penis, and it was neat having his big cock sort of rolling along beside it. I thought it was cool to have an older guy paying all this attention to me and getting turned on by my body, which I never thought about as being handsome or attractive or anything. You don't when you're just a little kid. [Emotionally:] And a haircut like this! [Pulls on his ¾-inch hair.]

Teddy's first orgasm happened a year later. He had noticed recently that the feeling in his penis when he stimulated it was growing stronger and stronger – and the longer he rubbed it the stronger it seemed to get. But every time the feeling began to change as orgasm approached he stopped the rubbing, fearing that something terrible might happen – until finally curiosity got the best of him. “I just took a deep breath,” he told me many years later, “put spit on it and said to myself, 'Ted, you're not going to stop until you find out what that feeling is, even if it kills you!'" Orgasm didn't kill him, it delighted him, and from then on masturbation became a sort of secret treasure he could treat himself to when he thought he had earned it.

As with masturbation, Teddy could hardly remember a time when he hadn't known Kyle. His family and Kyle's moved in the same social circles, belonged to the same service club. Yet the two boys had never really been close until they found themselves working together on the 6<sup>th</sup> grade play in school. Kyle acted in it, Teddy did props and prompting. At the dress rehearsal it was obvious Kyle didn't know his lines, so Teddy invited him home for an “all night session” of line learning. That night they shared a bed for the first time. Nothing happened until early in the morning when Teddy woke up to find himself being embraced by Kyle. He told about it on this tape made when he was 13:

I mean, it's a *hug!* It's *not* the kind of thing a guy normally does when he's asleep. I know Kyle's awake. He's doing this on purpose and he's getting off on me, I can feel his horny boner poking my hip, he's got his nose where my mouth is, he's actually getting off on my morning breath! So I lie there figuring out, What am I going to do? I can take my time.

*Did you like it?*

I guess so. I think that was the problem. Suppose I got sexy and and he'd just been dreaming or something? That can happen. I know about a man that woke up with the other guy laying right on top of him and a boner going up and down between his legs and the guy was mumbling, “Let me in!” So I just played it cool for a few minutes.

*Getting harder all the time?*

It's always hard when I wake up. Everyone's is. You can't tell nothing by that. No, I didn't worry about a hard giving me away.

*What'd you finally do?*

His head was sort of half on my shoulder, half on my chest, and I just gently put a hand on his neck and said, “Hi.” He opened his eyes – he was plenty awake – and looked at me and smiled. “Sleep good?” I said. “I got cold,” he said – like it was an excuse. I said, “Your boner's pressing my side,” – only I said it so he could hear I wasn't pissed off. “You got one, too,” he said. “How do you know?” I said. “I checked it out when you were still asleep.” “But you found it was bigger than yours,” I said. “Tis not.” “Tis.” “Tis not.” So we had to compare them.

*Were you right or was he?*

I claimed mine was, he claimed his was. He pushed his up a little against mine, to make it seem longer, then I pushed mine up a little against his, and that went on for a while, with us giggling, and then, well, you know, it really didn't matter whose was biggest, because it felt so good.

*Rubbing cocks?*

Yeah, and I remembered what Tom had done.

*Tom?*

I told you about him. At camp. So I kind of eased Kyle on top of me and pushed his shorts down for him, and mine, too, and showed him how you do it – 'cause it was his first time, ever, with somebody else.

*Showed him how you do what?*

Rub off. Like, he's on top so he sets the hump, don't worry about me, I'll follow, bottom guy always follows, like dancing, one guy's got to take the lead, doesn't mean he can't do what the other guy wants, too, like slow up, we need more spit, getting close? Not yet or fairly. And kissing... snuggling...

*Then? That first morning?*

Later, that came later; no, not then – kissing and snuggling and licking. Kyle and I do a lot of licking – just like you!

*But that first time?*

We were still sort of checking each other out. I remember being scared that after he came he'd blame me or call me queer or something.

*But that didn't happen.*

No. We coordinated the come OK, but afterwards he just lay on me, staying hard. We didn't move for the longest time.

*Was there sperm?*

Sure. A little. You could feel it.

*Gluing you together.*

Then he started to move again. I mean hump. And I patted his back a couple of times and said, "My turn on top." So I lubed us up again and off we went. We really screwed our butts off that morning. 'Cause you had to get *used* to it. The idea you can *do* that with your friend. That Kyle was my friend.

Teddy told about their love-making a year later when they had settled into a kind of easy rhythm of prolonged sex on overnight visits at his house and at Kyle's:

*Who takes the initiative? Who starts the ball rolling?*

Depends on what you mean. If you mean who starts hinting around first, it's usually Kyle. We'll be looking at TV and he'll slip down on the sofa so his butt's on the edge and sort of arch his back to stretch the cloth on his crotch and his hard-on'll be pushing up under there, like he wants me to notice it. Or he'll say, "I'm gettin' tired, aren't you?" Or sometimes he'll just come out and say, "Let's horse-cock around!" – that's what he calls it, horse-cocking around.

*And you take over from there?*

Usually. He likes it when I sort of slowly take his clothes off. He lies back with this big smile on his face. Sometimes he'll say, "Give me an around the world."

*What do you guys mean by that?*

You know, a tongue job.

*You suck him off?*

[Laughs.] Yeah, that, eventually – wouldn't be no point otherwise. No, I lick him all over, ending with his cock.

*And starting?*

With his mouth, maybe, when he's lying on the bed with all his clothes on. I'll lick around his mouth, then up his nose, then all over his face, then down over his chin and neck, and then I'll have to strip off his T-shirt to get at his chest, and I'll sort of suck on his titties and into his armpits if they're not too stinky – 'cause he likes the tickle – then down to his navel, stick my tongue in it, then down some more, until I got to unzip him and get rid of his pants and undies, then I lick



around his cock, over his balls, then go deep between his legs...

*You must be getting a little dry-mouth by now.*

Well, I do it all slow. No, that's not a problem. Then I start licking his cock, real light, the sides and back, then up the front, then I suck the tip and finally suck the whole thing in.

*You're a real expert.*

[With bravado.] That's what everybody says.

*So he comes off in your mouth.*

Sometimes. Then he sucks me off.

*Is he good?*

You know it! We both know just how to do it to the other guy. Like my tip gets awful painful after I come, but I still like to be sucked off on the front as the feeling's going down. He knows just how to do that with his lower lip and tongue tip. Also I like it harder than he does. I can bring him off with a real gentle stroke or a real light lick, but my cock's got to be treated a little rougher. He knows all that – and I know all that about him.

Kyle was decidedly “prettier” than Teddy, with auburn-brown hair, pale, clear skin which never really took a tan but over which was imposed just the lightest set of freckles. His deep brown eyes gave him a perpetually startled look. He came from a large extended family noted for its geniality and love of good living. Perhaps because there were always young uncles and older cousins available to thrash out problems with, he never hungered for an older friend, as Teddy did. He was, if anything, rather distrustful of me and the role I played in Teddy's life. He would not let himself be interviewed and, since we never were really alone together, I never was able to tape him unawares.

The summer Teddy turned 15 the affair with Kyle started to wind down. Kyle had his first sexual experience with a woman, in this case a 40-year-old widow who lived in the flat above the local “five and ten” store and seemed to have a taste for young adolescent boys.

He goes on and on about how she smells. Her perfumes, he's got that down perfect – powders, shampoos, toothpaste. He's starting to use guck on his hair and, would you believe it, expensive after-shave – and he hasn't even got a fuzzy upper lip.

*Does that mean he doesn't get it on with you any more?*

Not as much. He says her smells are so much better. “You just smell like dirty socks,” he told me. Do I smell like dirty socks?

No.

What do I smell like, then?

*Like skin and sweat and hair.*

Bad, huh?

*Like sunshine and grass. No, very good. You're friend has no taste.*

Soon the sex stopped altogether. Getting it on with Teddy had been “kid stuff,” Kyle announced. The two boys drifted apart. This was a time when I saw Teddy almost every day. He, too, seemed to be marking time until his next sexual advance, which he anticipated would be with a woman, but fate intervened in the small form of Dwight.

Dwight was an Ojibway boy of eleven. There was a small, impoverished Indian community just south of town, and Dwight's family went to the same church as Teddy's. The two boys met at a church picnic. Dwight stared at Teddy for almost an hour, as Teddy helped set up the tables and chairs and piled up

firewood, then Dwight attached himself to Teddy and followed Teddy about for the rest of the afternoon. From then on Dwight became his little shadow, showing up in the junior high school yard when classes were over and greeting Teddy with implacable seriousness, tagging his footsteps whenever permitted and asking nothing but to be allowed to hang around.

It's like imprinting. He just *knows* he belongs to me. I'll be shooting the shit with my friends and I'll feel this hand creeping up my back to my shoulder and, sure enough, it'll be Dwight reaching up to hang on me. The kids call him my papoose. We'll be out fishing, miles from town, and I'll say, "We're thirsty. Here's some money. Go back to the store and get us all cokes," and he'll run off barefoot with a big smile, like *I'm* doing *him* a favor.

Teddy accepted Dwight's presence, and so, strangely enough, did his friends. In fact they made something of a mascot of him. In part this was in defiance of the discrimination the adult world showed the Indians, but in part it was because Dwight had long ago learned "to keep his place" and was always willing to do what the older boys asked him. Teddy, however, took his responsibilities more seriously:

I'm worried about him. He's got nothing. His father's drunk half the time, his uncles are drunk, his older brothers are drunk, his friends sniff glue. I tried sniffing glue once but all I did was throw up. I think he just wants out of all that. But what for chrissake can I do? I bug him about school. I check his math homework sometimes. He's a smart little kid. When I teach him he learns. I swear I sometimes think he memorizes every word that comes out of my stupid mouth so he can play it back to himself when he's at home and all that shit's going on.

The first indication Teddy had that Dwight's attachment to him had a sexual component was when he was awakened early one Sunday morning with Dwight tapping on his bedroom window. They had talked, vaguely, about going fishing, and there was the little boy all ready with a couple of willow poles and a can of worms. Teddy got up and opened the window and lifted Dwight down to the floor, but as he was being lowered, Dwight put his hand over the shape Teddy's morning erection was making inside his pajamas.

It wasn't like he was being dirty or anything. He was real serious – I don't know, like my cock was something real important. And he was so gentle.

*What did you do?*

I just stood there. I was still pretty sleepy. And it felt good – he was such a *nice* kid – and it wasn't getting any softer. I didn't know *what* to do. Then he looked up at me and smiled. I thought he was going to pat it and say, "mine."

And so Dwight laid claim to one more part of Teddy: his generative apparatus. The denouement came a few weeks later when, the two of them went fishing alone (on the previous occasion they had been joined by several of Teddy's friends).

He claimed he knew the best place in the river, and I thought, OK, maybe he's just a little kid, but he *is* an Indian. He marched ahead – man, can those husky little legs *go!* – and he knew right where he was going. I'd never been so far up the creek. I couldn't believe it'd be so awful good 'cause there isn't much water up there. But we did find a pool, and one thing was sure – nobody

ever came up there, no path along the creek, no nothing.

*No fish either, probably.*

No, there actually were a few – enough so I didn't say let's move on. So we fished a while, and then he pulled some Indian pasties out of this paper bag and we ate them. I know it takes a lot of time to make good Indian pasties, he must really have bugged and bribed his mother. And they were good. And it was hot. I'd stripped down to my cut-offs and sneakers. I lay back in the grass, getting ready to think about starting to fish again. Dwight went to the creek and carefully washed his hands and put water on his mouth to get the crumbs off, then he came back and squatted beside me and started running his hands over my crotch. “You like that?” he asked. I said sure I liked it, and he wanted to know if he could take it out, and I said, “Sure, go ahead.”

*Just like that?*

Yeah. I don't see anything wrong with boys who're friends playing with each other's cocks, do you?

*Certainly not.*

It was like he had it all planned. He got out of his own clothes and then sat on my upper legs and felt my tool all over. Serious, real serious. I thought that was all that was going to happen, and I was fingering his little penis, and then he reached into his paper bag and said, “I saved up some of this.” It was a little plastic thing of butter, like you get in a cafe. He opened it and started smearing the butter on my cock. He left a big hunk of yellow on the tip. I asked him what he was doing and he said, “It goes in better with something slippery.” So I asked him goes in where? – 'cause I still couldn't believe what he was about to do – and he told me, and I said, “Gosh, doesn't it hurt?” and he said sometimes, like that didn't matter hardly at all. And then he sort of moved up and forward a little and reached around behind him, and then he sat down with my cock going up his asshole.

*That was nice?*

Oh, man, I don't have to tell *you*, do I? When I felt him sinking on me, Jesus, it was the greatest. With the butter and all. It was so warm, and tight. He started going up and down and up, just enough, not too much, then down again. His little legs would knot – he'd rise – my cock'd almost be out, the tip would be just in the strong part of the hole where you clamp down, then he'd sink slowly, with this terrific control. I could see the muscles bunched up in those little legs raising him and letting him down on me. Christ, that feeling was unbelievable. I was just shivering and shuddering. He started going faster, twisting. He was clamping his asshole and relaxing it, milking my cock with that old sphincter of his – just a little 11-year-old Indian kid – and I shot off groaning and shivering and cussing. And then, would you believe, he stayed on me for a second round.

*And afterwards?*

He went to the creek and washed himself off and came back and washed *me* off. I was just lying there, still, in a daze about the nice thing that had happened to me. I asked him if he'd gotten off and he sort of shrugged, like it wasn't important. So I pulled him down to lie against me and pushed his head down on my chest and put my arm around him and sort of stroked him and had my other hand on his funny short little neck – and *that* was important – I'd guessed right. If a little Indian boy can purr, Dwight purred.

*He was being very nice to you, wasn't he?*

Yeah, it was unbelievable. It was a thing I found out later he really didn't like to do very much. 'Cause that poor little kid had been fucked from here and back ever since he was nine. His

cousin's wife gets pregnant, he is the cunt. His dad has a fight with the old lady, he puts it in Dwight. Little Indian boys get used to that, I guess.

*I think that's rotten.*

Me too. He was just doing me this wonderful terrific favor.

*Did he ever get a hard-on?*

He lost it.

*When he was, what – fucking? you?*

Yes. From then on it was soft, just a cute little button. I didn't even try to stroke it up when we were lying there together. I just held him and stroked the rest of him. I don't know how long we did that. Every so often he'd touch my cock, run his little fingers over it. I think that's the part of me he admires the most.

*Did either of you go to sleep?*

No. I think my arm just got tired, finally, and he sat up looking really happy, and I sat up and told him, "We got to talk." And that's when I found out about him being a pin-cushion for all the drunken males in his family.

Teddy made a decision, the kind of decision adolescents often make committing themselves to responsibilities they are not usually in a position to carry out. This was the first indication I had that Teddy was a "socially directed" boy.

I told him he had to work hard at school and not smoke or sniff or drink. "You got to do exactly what I tell you," I told him, "if you're going to be my kid." My kid. That sounds crazy for a fifteen-year-old, I know, but what the fuck: who else is going to take him in hand? I have this feeling I got to get him out of the Indian rut – like, Saturday drunk, Sunday Mass, Monday work, if they're lucky, babies coming every fifteen months. Hell, Dwight's too good for that. He's smart. Maybe he's too nice, I don't know. But I think he's got dreams – finishing school, I'll *make* him finish school, college, the first Ojibway graduate from Southern State. I talk it up with him all the time. I give him hell if he gets less than a B in anything.

*What does his family make of all of this?*

Oh, they're very polite to me. What they *think*, that's something else – I don't know, and Dwight won't tell me. The only time I got into trouble was when I made him a bow and arrow. I figured every little Indian boy should have a bow and arrow to play with, so I got the right kind of wood and sanded it down and cut the notches in it, and I got some cat-gut and strung it up – with willow sticks for arrows and real crow's feathers on the ends. I think Dwight knew it wouldn't go down very well at home but he didn't say anything. Anyhow they took it away from him and told him it wasn't nice for a white man to give an Indian a bow and arrow any more. I should have figured that out – sometimes I can be pretty dumb. So I made Dwight a wooden machine gun instead, and that was OK. Yes, I suppose they treat him differently now. I told them they got to leave him time for his school work. I think they're scared the White Man'll come down on them if they don't.

*And you continue to make love?*

You bet.

*He gets hard if you don't have that big thing of yours in him?*

[A short, slightly embarrassed laugh.] I don't let him do that very often. He'd take it every time if I asked him, but I get off as much seeing *him* get off. But he has hurt feelings if he can't do that for me *once* in a while.

*So mostly what do you do?*

Pull on each other. Lie together and hump.

*Sixty-nine?*

No. He absolutely doesn't want me sucking on him.

*Why not?*

He says boys suck on men, not the other way 'round.

*And you're the man.*

[Hardens a muscle in his right arm.] Yep!

*So he sucks you?*

No. Not anymore. He'll do it – he'll do anything – but he's not into it. He doesn't know how, really. Not like Kyle.

*When do you have time? You're a pretty busy boy.*

That's a problem. We see each other a lot more often than we lay each other. Well, there's Saturday and Sunday. Now the weather's nice we can always find a private place outside. Once or twice he's slept over at our house. Mom puts a cot in my room, and he crawls into my bed later.

It was shortly after this last tape, made when Teddy was fifteen, that I left town.

For many years I kept in touch with Teddy, through Christmas card letters mostly, and then one day I had a surprise visit from him in the city where I was then working. He came into my office, a tall, good-looking man of 27, wearing rimless spectacles and a trim dark beard. His deep-set, deep blue eyes gave him a kind of hungry, haunted look quite at variance with his exuberant vitality. He was just passing through the city and only had a couple of hours to spare me. My tape recorder was at home, thus I was unable to record our conversation. That evening, however, I wrote up my recollections of his visit:

First of all, he looks tremendously well. He is married, no children because his wife works. She is part owner of a small arts and crafts shop, and even sells some of Teddy's mother's paintings.

They live in the state capital. He is a high school teacher (math, science, P.E.) which pays him less in salary than it does in work satisfaction. "I like kids," he told me. "I'm in a good district. We have a great gym, first class lab..."

I asked him how he evaluated, now, the intimate relations we once had – and his contacts with Kyle and the Indian boy. He told me, "I have no problem with that," but wouldn't elaborate. I think he *does* have problems with it, but not big problems. In any case he didn't *have* to look me up after all these years, and it was obvious he still thought of me in a predominantly positive way, insisting that I come and visit and meet his wife, etc.

I was curious about the subsequent history of the two boys he had been sexually involved with. "Kyle's quite the playboy," he told me. "He's already got two girls in trouble." He is a car salesman, it seems, in Chicago.

"Dwight's doing just fine," Teddy said. I asked if Dwight had gone on to college. "No," Teddy said, "but he did well all through high school. He's become a kind of sub-chief out there in his village." More important, Dwight has a good office job and is well-liked and respected at the local cement plant. "He has a squaw and two papooses, and one's called, would you believe, Teddy Kennedy – after me, he says!" Teddy was godfather to both children.





## *Timmy*

Timmy grew up in “Clairice”, a small town just south of the thin-soil forest lands which spread across the northern part of the state. His father (actually step-father) was an independent carpenter who, when his first son was born, went into business for himself as a residential building contractor. Although from time to time he had as many as a dozen men working for him, the family was never really prosperous and lived in a succession of houses in and near the town. As Timmy's oldest step-brother Jack said, “I grew up with the smell of sawdust and wood glue. Dad was always renovating our home so he could sell it out from under us a couple of years later.” Timmy's mother worked on and off as cashier in the grocery store (the owner was a family friend) and one older step-sister waited tables in a restaurant.

Two sets of children were united when Timmy's mother re-married. Timmy hardly remembered his biological father, who had been killed in an accident at a foreign oil field. He readily accepted his mother's new husband as his father, and Torrance (Tolly), Timmy's younger brother by two years, knew no other. What was denied this man in economic success was more than equaled by his success as head of family, husband and community benefactor. He held a number of non-paying official positions (volunteer fire department chief, police deputy, Lions' Club project organizer, etc.). By his first marriage he had four children. The first two were girls, the remaining two boys. Jack was five years older than Timmy, Damon three years older.

I met Timmy when he was eleven. One's impression of him then was of an open, laughing, impulsive, mischievous boy whom everyone would instinctively like, although he became if anything a rather serious adolescent later. It helps to be good looking and, like all the boys in the family, Timmy was certainly more attractive than average. The following history is reconstructed from tapes of conversations with Timmy and his two step-brothers (whom he always called brothers), from notes made directly after untaped conversations, and, much later, from some letters, for long after I left Clairice I kept in touch with the family.

Timmy was 13 when he gave me this account of his very early sex life:

The first thing I can remember? Um... I think it was visiting Grandmother. I was maybe three. And – this is gross – I pooped in my pants.

*Did you get punished?*

I don't know. I remember being awful *ashamed*. It was like the end of the world. [A laugh.] I remember Aunt Bella telling me – still on the subject of poop – that one time she had such a big shit it wouldn't fit in the toilet, and I asked “Wouldn't it bend?” – because I was thinking it was sort of like a stick. [Another laugh.] A sex stick. Aunt Bella with a boner!

*And were you playing with yourself then – masturbating?*

When Aunt Bella told me that?

*No, stupid, in those years, when you were that young.*

Really doing it?

Yes.

Uh... There wasn't any sperm until... you know. [Timmy had been modestly “wet”, as he put it, for almost a year, but a real spermatic ejaculation he had only achieved a few months previous to this conversation.]

*No, of course not. Just... playing with it, and getting a good feeling. Do you remember when that started?*

Uh... no. I must have been very, very little. It's like I've always done that.

*Did you know what it was?*

No! And that's crazy, isn't it? You'd think with two big brothers – and with what they were up to – I'd have found out *something*. But for the longest time I just did it every so often in my bed, or riding in the back seat of our car. Or sitting in the movies. I don't mean it stuck out or anything – there wasn't much to stick out. You ever see a little boy with thick pants and warm-up pants in the winter trying to get enough out when he had to piss so he wouldn't piss his pants? I used to help Tolly – and get my hand pissed on, too, for my trouble. I'd tell Tolly, “Wait!”, and I'd feel my hand get warm and I knew he hadn't. That's when we were at snowmobile competitions and stuff. Where was I? Oh, yea, so I still had a little one and I could get my fingers inside and play with it in the dark.

*Because a little boy's fly is always unzipped.*

One time – I was maybe in the first grade – I was standing around watching a football game and I guess I was playing with my cock – through my pants – and this older boy bent down and whispered in my ear, “Don't do that where people can see you.” He was maybe in high school, I don't know.

*Were you embarrassed?*

Naw. He was nice about it. I don't think I even realized what I was doing. But it did make me wonder if anybody else got tingles. For the longest time I didn't know other kids got tingles when they rubbed their pee-pees.

*When did you realize that?*

Maybe the third grade? I got into some heavy show-and-tell with one of my friends.

*How did that happen?*

We... you know... played with them.

*Where?*

[Laughs.] Where it feels good – where do you think?

*No, I mean geographically where?*

In geography class?

*In bed on a sleep-over, in a tree house, in your Uncle Tyler's shed...?*

Up Cedar Creek – you know, the upper part which is all swampy and nobody ever comes.

*When you were only eight or nine? That's quite a ways to go, isn't it?*

Naw. Kids here walk all over the place during the summer. A boy can grab a fishing pole and make up some sad-ass sandwiches and throw them and a couple of Cokes in his school book bag and just take off and be gone all day and nobody – least of all his mom and dad – 'll think nothin' about it.

*So up there on Cedar Creek was where it happened?*

The first time, yeah. [A sudden giggle.] Not the last time!

*How did it go?*

Good.

*I mean... make a story out of it.*

[Teasingly.] You want me to clue you in? You want me to teach you how to masturbate?

*Thanks, but I already know.*

*I know you know.*

*Come on. This is interesting.*

Well, I'm just an ordinary kid. I didn't do anything spectacular.

*The first time always seems pretty spectacular.*

Well, yeah, I suppose....

At this point, Timmy discovered he was hungry so I made him a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and gave him a glass of 7-Up, all of which he was consuming during the rest of the taping.

It was me and Billy T. And I think there were some other kids, too, but I don't remember them being around. Maybe they were fishing another part of the creek, or they'd got tired and went home, or they'd forgot to bring along lunch... I don't know. But Billy T. and I started wrestling around. Maybe the fish weren't biting, I forgot. We got hot and stripped to our underpants. That's right, and we splashed around in the creek and then we came out to dry and we dared each other to take off our underpants to let them dry too, because it's itchy if you have to walk a long ways with wet underpants in your pants. Anyhow we did. And Billy T. sprang a boner and he just started to play with it. That's how it happened.

*That's all that happened?*

He said, "Yours is stiff, too." I guess it was, and he said, "Are you going to do it with me?" So I asked him if he did it a lot, and if it felt good to him, like it did to me, and did other kids do it like us, and all that stuff.

*Did Billy T. know any more than you?*

I guess so. And he showed me how he did it. He let me watch from real up close. And then he got me to do it and *he* watched from real up close.

*And how did he do it? Do you remember that?* I think we both did it about the same way. Our things were too small to use your whole hand, like I do now if it's slippery. I don't know – just a couple of fingers, I suppose.

*The first finger or two on the front, and your thumb behind?*

Whatever *little* kids do. [Teasingly.] You could watch Tolly, if he'd let you.

*Was he circumcised? Like you?*

Soooooh, you noticed!

*I notice a lot.*

At this point, Timmy picked up a pillow and threw it at me, upsetting the 7-Up bottle on the table between us and spilling some of the contents on the recorder's microphone. The recording session resumed a few minutes later, when the mess had been cleaned up.

*So, was... is... Billy T. circumcised?*

[Laughing.] He was then. I don't know if he is now.

*Wise guy.*

I'll tell you a secret. [Timmy came over and, cupping my ear with his hand, as though to whisper into it, belched lustily. I made a show of pretending to clean masticated peanut butter and jelly out of my ear. He then sat back on the sofa beside me with a pleased grin on his face.] The only uncircumcised boys around here are the Mexican picker kids in the summer.

*Did you and Billy T. jerk off simultaneously?*

What's that mean?

*At the same time.*

You bet. I wasn't going to do it *alone!*

*And you had climaxes?*

What's the point of doing it if you can't get a good tingle?

*But you were still pretty young...*

[Suddenly earnest.] You know, it's crazy, but I don't remember. I seem to have this weird feeling that for a while there – when I was a little kid, I mean – I forgot about orgasm. It's like I had orgasms when I was *really* young – like about three or four – and then, sometime when I was around seven or eight, I discovered it again, and it was like, Oh, hey, yeah, now I remember! Like I remembered it from way back. I'd had it once, and then I'd lost the magic touch, or forgotten how to do it, or maybe it wasn't important, I don't know. Like I say, it's weird.

*So you don't know, that afternoon on Cedar Creek, whether you had a dry come or not?*

No. What I remember was a few things Billy T. said. Like, all kids do it, this is what makes the sperm come out, what we're doing is pumping it up. I knew about sperm then. You started to get it around twelve. But I had it mixed up with pollen and puff-balls – you know, like you step on them in the fall and they go poof and a cloud of smoke comes out. That's what I thought might come out of your prick, a sort of powder, maybe, because it had to be different from piss. No woman would let you piss into her. And that's not just 'cause pee isn't such nice stuff to get on you, or into you: there'd just be too much. I'd seen Dad and other men piss – it'd go on and on. No woman could even *hold* that much liquid in her. So it had to be something different. And powder, or smoke, seemed a pretty good bet. [After a pause.] I never told anybody that before, not even my brothers. [Vehemently.] For God's sake, don't tell any of the other kids!

*Don't worry: they probably had equally imaginative ideas.*

Just don't, that's all.

*Or what?*

Or I'll pee in your bed next time...

*All right, you win.*

I always do.

*So you and Billy T. sat beside each other playing with your pricks.*

Yup. He played with his and I played with mine. And talk.

*Then you put on your dry undies and went home.*

Later.

A year later, when Timmy was 10 or 11, he and his friends built a “club house” on a wood lot not far from town, and this became, for a couple of years, an important focus of his social life. He told me about it, with evident nostalgia, when he was 16:

Yeah, me and Jerry and Billy T. and Ward. We'd spotted this tree with a decent crotch – you know, there aren't all that many good ones in a normal woods – oak is best, but you don't get many

oaks in a normal woods. Anyhow, we knocked down an old shed that seemed like miles away – it was about to fall down anyhow. We, like, worked our asses off hauling the boards and timbers to the site. We had a rope ladder you could pull up and everything.

*Did the four of you make it all yourselves? Without help?*

No, Jack helped. Our parents insisted. They didn't want the club house falling down, with us in it. He made sure it was solid enough. Carpenter's son, you know.

*Then he left you to it.*

Yup. We sure had fun up there. You'd pull up the ladder and it was like there weren't any adults anywhere. Those were good times. Jerry's gone away, now, and Billy T. – I don't see him that much any more. But back then we were like the four musketeers. We had oaths and hand-shakes and secret knocks...

*And when you weren't swearing oaths and shaking hands, what were you doing?*

What weren't we doing!

*Sex?*

Sure, of a sort. We'd show each other how we did it. Billy T. did it fast; Ward did it slow. We never did it to each other, although we sure *watched* each other.

*Did you have sex aids, like pin-ups?*

One of the kids, I forgot who, tried to bring in a Playboy center-fold and put it up on the wall, but we voted that down. We didn't want any women or girls in the hut, even pictures of them. This was a boys' place. No, we just jerked off. Like we were proud of our cocks and curious about each other's cocks. It wasn't sex, really; it wasn't like what happened later. It was kind of like being, I don't know, buddies. You slept and pissed and shat and swam naked together, so you did this together, too. I don't think we put all that much store by it. It was just one of the things you did. Other things were more important.

The next, big step in Timmy's sexual education took place at home, when he was 12. It was occasioned by a serious family crisis. Timmy told me about it on this tape, made when he was fourteen:

Damon got sick, that's what happened. I don't mean chicken pox – really sick. He was out of school half of the year. He kept losing weight...

*No fever?*

That too. So he was in the hospital, and I didn't know it but he and Jack had been having it off. For over a year they'd been having it off. Like, Jack and Damon were close, and Tolly and I were close. So all of a sudden Damon's gone and Jack starts looking at me this way – when we're all eating, or walking to school – talking to me nice, all considerate – and I'm wondering What's up? [Laughs.] Well, I didn't think *that* was up, I just thought he was lonely and missed Damon and I was next youngest in the family. So one night when Mom and Dad were out and so were our sisters and Jack was baby-sitting Tolly and me he came into my room when I was going to bed and sat down on my bed and started to talk. He said, “You jerking off yet?” I said Sure, because by then I was proud of it. Jack had sat me down one day and given me the big whole birds and the bees bit – including jerking off – and after that if he and Damon wanted to talk sexy they included me, like they thought I was old enough not to say anything I shouldn't to people I shouldn't, I don't know. But it made me feel grown-up, more grown-up. So I was proud to admit to Jack I was jerking off. Like Jack was sort of boss for Damon and me and Tolly. A lot of orders came down from Mom and Dad through Jack. Anyhow, Jack lay down on the bed beside me and said, “Let me

see.”

*You were in your pajamas?*

I never wear pajamas in the summer. Just undershorts.

*Jockey?*

[Timmy hits me on the arm. Amused.] Why you want to know about my Goddamned undershorts? You got a thing about crotch smells?

*Maybe.*

I don't know – Mom gets 'em. The white kind that fit tight. I told him he had to get under the covers with me if he was going to see anything, so he did. And I slipped down my undershorts and turned on my side toward him and started to do it. I was really proud of myself, really pleased that Jack would take that much interest in me.

*What did he say?*

How nice my cock was and did it feel good.

*You were just doing this to yourself?*

At first, yeah. But then he said did I want to see his when he did it. Well, you know me – OK, you didn't know me then – so I said Sure. And he hauled out this *monster!* [Self deprecatingly.] Yeah, monster – it was no bigger than mine is now, I suppose. [Enthusiasm restored.] But *then* it was just the biggest thing I'd ever seen. With hair peeking out his fly from around his shirt-tail. He said, “Want to feel? Go ahead. You have my permission. It won't bite you.” Stuff like that.

*Did that monster seem scary?*

Not scary exactly. But, well, like I didn't expect something like that on Jack – on Dad, maybe, but not on my brother. We're not much for nakedness in our family. And it was so stiff!

On another occasion, when Timmy was fifteen, he told more about the troubled time when Damon was sick. It led to further growth in his sexual knowledge.

When Damon went into the hospital – and it looked like he'd be there a long time – we were all sad. I mean, Damon and I were never really close, not like me and Tolly, but he was such, I don't know, *good company*. I wondered sometimes if he wasn't Dad's favorite. So, like we all missed him, but Jack was really *destroyed*. He spent every afternoon at the hospital doing puzzles with Damon, and when Damon got too weak to fit the pieces together, Jack did it for him. And one night when we were eating supper Jack suddenly said, “He's going to die!”

*But he didn't.*

No, but we didn't know that then. We'd just watched Damon getting weaker and weaker. So that night after everyone was asleep, and I couldn't sleep, I went into Jack's room – that normally he shared with Damon – and I crawled into bed with him, and we just hugged each other and bawled. I think I'd gone there to comfort Jack but we ended up *both* crying our eyes out. I stayed there all night, and that's where Mom found me in the morning when she came to wake everybody up.

*Did she think that was strange?*

No. She approved. It was “being family”. Dad never said anything, but I knew he thought it was OK, too, although he'd be embarrassed to talk about it. So that sort of gave us the excuse we needed. We were just comforting each other.

*Drawing together because another member of your family was in danger of dying.*

Something like that. I just about moved in with Jack for a while. Some nights when we went to bed at the same time I slept with him right from the beginning. Sometimes I'd wake up when he



was carrying me from my room to his bed.

*And did you keep up the sex?*

You bet.

*'Cause he'd already taught you a lot.*

All about fucking. He'd seen his sisters naked, and by then he'd maybe even fucked a girl, I don't know, but anyhow he could tell me what females were like between the legs. And I'd seen him come and knew what jizz was like. I'd touched it and knew what it smelled like. I'd had my hand around his cock maybe a dozen times and made it come out. I really liked doing it with Jack – and knowing what the score was, of course, too. I used to hint around and we'd find places and times where we could be alone. Not always in bed, either. We did it up in the attic once. But up to that time it had been just fun, to have your big brother give you that tingle. Now it was completely different – sadder and warmer. We did different things.

*Like?*

Well, I suppose they were things he'd been doing with Damon.

*Fucking?*

No! Ass-fucked? None of us ever ass-fucked! Maybe he wanted to, I don't know, 'cause he knew such an awful lot more 'n me. He'd press his cock up against my butt, in the crack, and it'd be sort of teasing around the hole, that soft tip, but then he'd move it lower and he'd slip it between my legs instead, and he'd say, "Make it tight, Timmy." So I'd clamp down on his rod as hard as I could, and when I'd feel it getting dry I'd finger some fresh spit on it when its head poked through.

Yeah, Jack taught me all kinds of tricks like that. Or we'd use some of his hair oil. And he'd be jerking me off at the same time, with his lubed-up fingers. He'd be breathing into my hair; sometimes he bit an ear-lobe. And he'd sink his chin into that little hollow place in your shoulder next to your neck where it sort of tickles and sends you at the same time.

*You never kissed?*

You mean, like with a girl?

*Uh huh.*

No – not when we were making out. Maybe sometimes when we were feeling sad or scared, about Damon.

*And you'd come?*

Un huh.

*And so would he?*

And how! Sperm all over the place! And that was a problem. It wasn't so bad when everyone thought he was sleeping alone – I mean if there'd be spots on his sheets – but when they knew I was in bed with him...

*Did you get in trouble?*

We had to mop up quick between my legs before the stuff dripped down – or put an old rag under me, which is what he did most of the time.

*And that's how you always did it?*

That was our favorite way.

*Did he jerk you off in some new way?*

D'you mean lubed up?

*For example.*

Because he taught me it felt better if you did it slippery. So he always had something on his fingers when he pulled on my little pee-pee.

*Was it so little?*

Then? Yeah. About the size of a peanut.

*Come on! It isn't now.*

That's what we used to call it: "peanut" instead of "penis", get it? Jack would say, "Where's your little peanut?"

*Did you call his a peanut, too?*

His was a wiener!

*A wiener WITH...*

[Laughing.] Hot wiener with saliva sauce! He tried everything – Mom's Ponds, hair oil, Vaseline, only we couldn't use any of those things in bed 'cause they'd rub off on the sheets. And he taught me it was better to come almost together, so I had to tell him *exactly* where I was – I mean, was I getting close or wasn't I? Only then I didn't know so good. I mean, I didn't have the kind of control I'm so famous for now. But... I did my best. Then he'd slow up either his hand or his cock until we were both ready – we called it being "cocked". Then he'd bring me off so smooth it was like getting a taste of heaven, I swear.

*And he came too?*

A second or two later – or earlier. He said when he was actually coming he couldn't really make it as best perfect as he could for me. The feeling was too strong.

*Which did you like best -first or afterwards?*

I don't know.

*Was it different?*

I think it was most fun when he came first, because I'd be "cocked" and ready to go – well, almost – and I'd feel his hug get tight. He'd groan in my ear and pant. And hump, of course. And then this tremendous shudder. That was by far the neatest – this terrific shudder would go through his body. I'd get a wonderful, sweet feeling in those days when I came, but he'd get this great electric jolt. Everything went twitching.

*Now you get a pretty big jolt yourself.*

I ought to. I'm almost sixteen

*Yes, that's right. [Actually, he had been fifteen only two months when this taping was made.]*

The longer we did it together the better it got. I mean, at first he didn't dare, I guess, let himself go – like I suppose he'd done with Damon. He told me at first he was scared he'd frighten me.

*Were you ever scared?*

With Jack? No. One day when two bigger Mexican boys were bullying me in the ditch Jack just about beat the shit out of them. I'd never seen him so mad! And he played football. He'd come home with black eyes. But with me and Damon and Tolly he was gentle like you wouldn't believe.

Even when he just about squeezed the breath out of me in one of those super comes you get once in a while, I was never scared. I couldn't be scared of Jack. He had these gentle hands – even when his knuckles were bloody.

*So it was better when he came first?*

Yeah, that was nice, 'cause I'd *feel* him go through his big shudder when I was still cocked waiting for my own thrill. I mean, with his fingers holding my little peanut. And I'd feel it get warm and different-slippery between my legs, and then would come the smell of sperm – and all the time I'd be holding on – right there.

*Like his fingers were somehow transmitting the jolt of his orgasm right through to your cock too? You could say that, yeah! And then the smell of jizz. And he'd whisper, hoarsely, "OK?"*

And I'd say, "You know it!" And he'd do me.

*As he was coming back down to earth.*

Sometimes he'd do me in his sperm. I liked that. I think it was the *idea* of sperm, your big brother's sperm, as close as you could get then to yours in a few years. After all, *he* grew up to get sperm, didn't he? So you would, too, sure is sure. But, well, you know sperm isn't the best lube. It's sticky if anything, at least compared to what had been leaking out of his cock before that happened and what I'd been putting on its tip.

*And if he did you first?*

Then *he* was all wound up and cocked and his technique was better. Yeah, he probably gave me a better come then, but I couldn't enjoy *his* come as much.

*Omnia animalia post coitum trist est.*

Huh?

*That's Latin. It means every animal – men are animals – are depressed after fucking.*

I've never been depressed. [Laugh.] OK, I've never fucked, either.

*It must have been written by a Christian. Healthy people just feel good after they come.*

Damon got better and came home from the hospital and moved back into the room he shared with Jack, and the sex between Timmy and Jack virtually stopped. Jack suggested to both Damon and Timmy that they might include the other in at least some of their sexual games, but nothing ever came of his suggestion. Damon and Timmy were "shy with each other", Jack told me years later. There was a brief resumption of intimacies the following summer when Damon went away to the Lyons' camp for three weeks, as Timmy told me at the time:

Jack's one of these guys that's just got to get it on with somebody else. It's no good telling him to use his own hand. When Damon's gone it's usually me.

*Do you mind?*

No – unless I'm saving it for Pete.

Timmy met Pete not long after Damon's recovery when Pete's family moved into the house Timmy's family was just vacating. Once again, after renovating their house, they had sold it. The first thing that happened was that the two boys, Timmy and Pete, got into a fight. Jack told me about it some years later:

So there they were really going at it. And I was standing around cheering him on: "Come on Timmy!" I didn't have anything against the other kid – after all, he was Timmy's size – I was just *for* my brother. Nobody won. I think they both just got tired... and bloody... and their eyes began to swell up and close. So I finally pulled them apart.

*This was... where?*

In our/their back yard. And then the next thing I know Pete is coming around to our new house to play with Timmy and they've gotten to be best friends.

Best friends they certainly were, and more. According to Timmy, they first had sex less than a month after their big fight. Timmy told me about his affair with Pete when he was fifteen:

The first time with Pete was, let's see, the summer he moved to Clairice. We went out in this other kid's sailing boat and the kid and his friend played a trick on us. They let us off on Snake

Island and sailed away and left us there marooned. Of course they came back – eventually – but we could keep an eye out for them on the top of the island, and that gave us enough time to do what we wanted to do.

*Which was?*

Pete had been hinting around. You know, “Back in Chicago, me and my buddy'd do *all kinds* of neat stuff...” 'Cause at first he figured since he came from the city he knew lots more than us hicks – that's how we got into a fight that first time. I'd just say, “Okay, Pete, show me what you and your buddy did.” Then, “You really want to know?” And, “Yeah, I said so,” then, “You really, *really* want me to show you?” So when we were up there on the top of that island I said, “Okay, here's your chance.” So we took off our clothes and lay down in that nice warm sunny place and got it on with each other. He was amazed I knew as much as I did. He thought he was going to have to teach me everything.

*So what did you do?*

I let him just go ahead and do what he wanted to do.

*Which was?*

We were standing up there, naked, sort of playing with our cocks. His was a little bigger than mine, not much, and he had hair before I did. He had me lay down on the moss and he started stroking me all over. He was saying, “You got a good bod, Tim,” and, “Does this feel good?” And he was looking into my eyes in a way Billy T. and Jack never did. And then he just sort of slowly got closer and lowered himself down onto me.

*So he could rub off?*

Yeah, that's what we did eventually, but for a long time he just lay on me and looked at me – I had this weird feeling it was the first time anybody'd ever really *seen* me. And... you know the way sweaty boys smell? Older boys smell one way and little boys smell another way, but thirteen-year-old boys have their own kind of smell, at least Pete did, part sweet like a little kid and part musty like an older teenager, and that smell was a turn-on, and his breath breathing into my face was nice too, sort of sweet, like blueberry pie. So his face, like, started coming down and going up and coming down and going up, until one time our lips actually touched. And I thought, “Now it's going to happen”.

*What was going to happen?*

What you see in the movies, although you don't see in the movies the great hard-on that goes with it.

*A kiss?*

You got it.

*Did it happen?*

It sure did. My· upper lip was being sucked, very gently, into his mouth. And it slid in so smooth! It touched his teeth. It was the first time any part of me had been in anybody else's mouth. Man, was that wonderful! After a while he said, “Did you like that?” I said, “Yes.” He said, “Then why are your arms just lying by your side?” So I got him in a hug then. So we kissed and kissed and kissed. I suppose in the next half hour we tried out all the ways two people can kiss. We almost didn't break apart, except every now and then he'd look up and around to make sure that sailboat wasn't coming back – we didn't need that kind of surprise!

*That was all you did?*

No, and rubbing off, too. So I knew more about that than he did.

*Between the thighs fucking?*

Naw, we were both too little for that. Like, he didn't know the motions. I told him not to try to move *with* me but *against* me. I said, "You're on top. You hump, I'll *anti-hump*." 'Cause sometimes Jack and I did that, although Jack was awful heavy on me and his cock kept sliding out. And making it slippery.

*How do you mean.*

[Hitting me on the arm.] On our cocks and bellies. Spit, 'cause we didn't have anything else. You gotta make it slippery. And, well, after all that kissing it'd be pretty stupid to think lubing up *down there* was gross. So pretty soon we got it going good...

*He was a good kissing teacher and you were a good rub-off teacher...*

*...we were rubbing off on each other, and coming and coming...*

*In a half hour?*

Maybe it was an hour, I don't know. I wasn't looking at my watch, for Chrissake! It could have been three hours and we'd still of been rubbing off and kissing and coming, I bet, it was so exciting. You can do that when you're twelve or thirteen; one come doesn't finish you; you can go on and on...

*And then along came the sailboat...*

That stopped it, for sure. We had to get into our clothes and pretend we were mad at them for leaving us there, when we were really mad they'd come back!

The following summer Timmy and Pete had another experience which is not altogether uncommon for attractive 13-year-old boys. By then both boys had crossed the pubertal threshold and were having regular seminal emissions. Timmy told me how it came about only a month or two later, when it was still fresh in his mind.

Pete was picking up pocket money at the airport. With the crop dusters. Like, loading powder into the planes so they could dust the crops. Pete's got good strong arms. He can work like a beaver. But loading dust is real dirty work – I know, I did it once or twice. It gets up your nose. Your snot's yellow for a week. Anyhow Pete was working for this one guy, Harrison, and one day he came back in the morning all smiles. He said "Harrison just did me." He'd sucked Pete off. I asked him how it'd felt. He said fabulous. I said, "Did he suck you *all the way* off?" He said, "Yeah." I said, "Even when you came?" He said, "Yeah." I said, "What'd he do with the jizz?" He said, "Swallowed it up." And I couldn't believe *that!*

*Why not?*

'Cause Pete and I, well, we'd never *thought* about getting jizz in your mouth. We'd only licked it – cocks. We thought that was going real far out. Pete said Harrison had promised him all kinds of work if he could keep on sucking him off when they had a chance to rest.

*That wasn't very often, was it?*

They fly early in the morning and just before sunset in the evening, 'cause that's when the air is still. Pete was getting out there before dawn, then knocking off until late afternoon, so he and Harrison had lots of time. They did it in the back of one of the hangars, after the morning run. Then one day Pete told me Harrison had asked him if he "had a friend". He meant if Pete knew another kid that wanted to get sucked off. It turned out Pete's partner Walt was coming up from another town in a few days. And, well, I was curious.

*It's not like you were tired of Pete.*

Hell no! Pete had been telling me how neat it felt to fuck into the guy's mouth

*In bed?*

In the hangar. Back behind all the other planes and parts of planes, where nobody could see them. Pete would be standing. Harrison would get down on his knees – Pete'd take out his cock and the guy'd gobble it. Pete'd hold Harrison's head and fuck Harrison's mouth like it was a cunt. While Harrison sucked. And swallowed his sperm. So, well, that didn't sound too scary, but I wanted to look this Harrison over, and, of course, Walt, his partner, too.

*Were they freaks?*

Yeah, just like you.

*I walked into that one, didn't I?*

Harrison is tall and skinny, maybe about forty- five, not bad looking, got most of his hair. Turned out Walt was his son!

*His partner?*

You got it.

*And both boy-lovers?*

I don't know what they *are*. I just know what they *do*! At first I didn't want to go.

*You didn't like the looks of your guy, Harrison's son?*

I didn't *know* him. It always seems strange to all of a sudden, hoopy-daisy, start making out with somebody you've never said more than “Hello, my name is Tim” to.

*You met at the airport?*

Pete told me to show up around nine-thirty in the morning, when they'd be coming back from the last early run. That's what I did. Pete had showered and put on his clean clothes. First we went to McDonald's, then we took a drive in the country in their pick-up truck – all four of us in the front seat. And they seemed real nice. They weren't pawing us or anything, or hinting around. They were just friendly. Walt had played football in school, like Jack. He liked to fish, like me, and we talked about going up Cedar Creek on Sunday, if he could get away from the business. Then we went to a motel – over in Lytton – and checked into two rooms, and that's where, well... you know..

*I don't know.*

It happened.

*What happened?*

I got my first suck-off.

*But not your last?*

No.

*You and Pete have incorporated fellatio into your sexual repertory?*

If that means what I think it does, yeah.

*Come on, Timmy, tell me how it went.*

Shit, I'm tired of all this talking about it and stuff. Let's... you know...

*Go upstairs?*

[Excitedly.] You're on!

In a small town, everyone is a witness to everyone else's relationships, and the continuing attentions Harrison and his son Walt paid to Pete and Timmy must have been observed by at least a few people. Damon, at least, had his suspicions, as he told me years later:

There are these guys that everyone calls child molesters, only they don't really go after children,



more like teenagers, and they sure as hell don't do anything the kids don't like, or want. For example there were these crop-dusters that used to come to our town every summer when the bugs got bad, and they'd have local kids helping them. When Timmy was about 13 or 14 one of them kept hanging around and taking Timmy out. I know if he'd done anything Timmy didn't want Jack would sure have heard about it. But Timmy never said anything, just sort of got red when we mentioned the guy, so Jack never warned him off.

*And neither you nor Jack talked to Timmy about it at the time? Tried to find out what they were doing together?*

That was Timmy's business. As long as Timmy didn't object, as long as he didn't want to discuss it with anybody, as long as he seemed OK, we didn't see what was the problem.

Walt, it seems, fell in love with both boys, but especially with Timmy. Timmy liked Walt, thought he was nice looking and was fun to do sex with, but he was embarrassed by the love – and especially the presents Walt kept pressing on him. Timmy told me about it when he was fifteen.

Like they almost got me into trouble – a new trout reel in a fancy box with a card from Walt, and it wasn't even my birthday or anything. I had to hide all that from my family. But he sure knew how to give a kid one mean blow-job. He was the best I ever had, present company excepted! And part of that was because his blow-job just *included* your prick. He'd lick out your balls, and down between your balls and your asshole, and he'd actually lick around your hole, and stick his tongue up, then he'd lick away from there, across a hip and make little circles with his tongue and slippery lips *around* your cock, until you were just about driven crazy, and at the same time his hands would be doing all these totally wonderful things to the rest of your body – like they didn't know anything about what his mouth was doing. Then, *at last* he'd suck your cock in and tickle the front with his tongue, and make a vacuum – you'd see his cheeks suck in – and work his head up and down so the good place on your cock was slurping back and forth on his lower lip. It was awesome. He'd work you up, then let you back down, then lick out your asshole for a while, or the inside of your thighs, or your balls, then he'd lube up your cock again with his fingers and mouth it down, and you'd be just about screaming “I can't take this any longer! For God's sake bring me off!” and he'd let you come down off it again – you know that feeling, you want to come in the worst way, but you want this to go on forever, too, without it ever stopping. But finally you'd be begging – “Let the next big wave break, for cripes sake!” And when it broke, oh man, it was the greatest!

*That was in a motel?*

Sometimes in a motel, sometimes up Cedar Creek, sometimes just out in a field somewhere. I learned a lot from Walt. And Pete learned a lot from Harrison. We compared notes and tried out stuff. And the sex between Pete and me just got better and better as a result.

The two crop dusters moved on, but the affair with Pete lasted for two years. By now Timmy's penis, when hard, was a good four and a half inches long, his friend's, according to Timmy, a half inch larger. Pete had a big patch of dark brown pubic hair. Timmy's, which was quite new at the time, was still thin and wispy. Timmy talked about his friendship with Pete the summer he was fourteen, when Pete was away visiting relatives.

Yeah, I miss him something awful, especially the sex. It is so... great. He knows me so well,

and I know him so well. We know just exactly what to do when. We don't even think about it, we just do it.

*What's a typical make out between the two of you? Say when you have a bedroom all to yourselves and all the time in the world and you're both really in the mood?*

Okay, first I'll warm him up, or he'll warm me up. And then maybe we'll lick each other out.

*Your asses?*

No, dumb-bell! I'll lick his face out – his nose and his ears and his eyes. Then I'll make a tongue trail of saliva over his chin and to his tits, then down to his navel, and then I'll kiss his cock all over and suck it for a while, and make it wet, real wet, so I can lie down on him and we'll have a slippery place for our boners to ride. The first time we usually rub off that way, kissing. And if there's nobody anywhere around to hear us, we really let ourselves go. Bedsprings screeching, us swearing a blue streak, like “Oh, shit! Oh Fuck, Pete! Maaaaan!” And groaning and heavy breathing, the works. So after the first sperming we just lie quiet together. I go soft for a while – he doesn't – and he likes to take my cock in his mouth until it wakes up, which is pretty nice, when my nose is in his balls.

*And then you do it again?*

Maybe he'll fuck me between the legs, but not the way Jack used to do it, from behind. From on top, because we always like to look at each other's faces when we make out, and kiss. And I'll get off just rubbing up on his belly.

*When did you start getting sperm? During your affair with Pete?*

Yep. Pete was getting a little right from the first. Maybe it wasn't really sperm. It was more like pee. But pretty soon it turned into the real stuff. And then one day I was doing myself and afterwards I noticed a tiny drop of clear slippery stuff resting in my piss-slit. And then, later, maybe six months later, it started to turn just a little gray.

*That must have been exciting.*

I told Jack about it. He bought me a beer.

It was not long after this interview, shortly before Timmy's fifteenth birthday in late April, that Pete's family, after only two and a half years in Clairice, moved again, this time to Tennessee. Pete, however, stayed behind to finish out the school year as a “paying guest” at Timmy's home. He shared, in fact, Timmy's bedroom. Timmy recalled those last weeks of intimacy in this tape recorded when he was 16:

Yeah, it was nice, but kind of sad, with both of us knowing we wouldn't have a summer together to do all those things we'd planned.

*And the making out.*

Yeah, it was like every night we were making up for every night we wouldn't have later on. But... well, you tell each other, “Sure, I'll just get on a bus and come and visit you for a week,” and I suppose you really believe it when you say it. [Voice trails off.]

*But it didn't happen.*

No, it didn't happen.

*Christmas cards?*

No.

*Why?*

He didn't send them and I didn't send them. It's like, when he left, we both... I don't know what it's like. [Pause.] We were talking about girls quite a bit there toward the end. Maybe... like he

got a girl or something.

Like all of the boys in this book, Timmy had always considered himself heterosexual. When he was 16 he had his first total sexual experience with a girl (his two step-brothers had preceded him in this some years earlier). While from then on his sexual initiatives were directed almost exclusively toward the other gender, he never repudiated as “kid stuff” his early experiences with Jack and Pete and the others. “I think that sort of thing is just right for you when you're that age.” And, as if to prove the point, he was occasionally happy to resume former sexual ties, “for old time's sake.”

# Cory

I met Cory when he was fifteen, when I was living in “Morley”, a county seat serving a basically agricultural district in the northern mid-west. He seemed the prototype of the small town American boy – bright-eyed, charmingly awkward, enthusiastic, polite to grown-ups but outspoken when need be. And it was this outspokenness which early led me to suspect that he nourished under his conventional exterior a more original mind.

Cory's father had moved around a great deal before settling his family in Morley when Cory was 12 and going to work for the county road department. There were five children in the family, Cory coming in the middle after two older brothers. His parents were permissive almost to the point of inattention. Cory had much more freedom of movement at an early age than most of his age-mates. As a little boy he had looked to his oldest brother Les rather more than to his father for support and home education.

The interviews with Cory took place over a fairly restricted period of time, when he was 15 and 16, some years after the events he speaks of, and thus his story has more the quality of remembered experience (with all the drawbacks of selective forgetting and latter-day coloring) than other histories in this volume. But Cory was a good story-teller – and more. I never felt, making some allowance for exaggeration born of enthusiasm, that he was being anything but honest. In any case, his experiences are fairly typical of what I learned about boys of independent mind exploring their sexual potentials with members of their own gender back in those happier days before the onset of the sexual counter-revolution.

Cory was a garrulous boy, and never minded being recorded. There are some five hours of our taped conversations, much of the material, of course, being quite irrelevant to the subject of this book. But because the interviews all occurred during roughly the same stage in his life, and because he was looking back uncritically on his boyhood, I have decided to splice the many recorded portions of his story into one continuous chronological account, leaving out the usual indications to the reader of precisely how old Cory was when he said what.

When did I start beating off? Gol, probably real early. 'Cause we're a big family, you know, and we just slept all around, my brothers and me, with Dad taking jobs in different towns and us moving and all. Sometimes there'd be three of us in one room, in three beds or two beds. Mom and Dad never talked about sex, but my big brothers sure as shit did. Once we were alone, in our room or rooms, we were just... well, we said everything and did everything. And me being the youngest boy, I was all waggly ears.

For a long time I was in Les's bed. That's because he was oldest, sort of our boss, and because Mally – well because nobody wanted to sleep with Mally because for years he wasn't dry. He was still peeing his bed when he was ten, and every once in a while when he was twelve.

So Les just got used to sharing with me, and I liked it, because when you're real little sometimes you get scared. I remember in one house there was this small room with one old double bed in it

with a mattress with a great sag in the middle, and a window, and right outside was a tree branch that would make spooky shadows in the summer when there were leaves on it, and even spookier shadows in the winter when it was all bare twigs. And I'd wake up maybe in the middle of the night, maybe after a dream, and I'd see these spooky shadows, so it was real nice to have Les there beside me. Sometimes I'd even wake him up, when I was *real* young, and most of the time he was pretty nice about it, but most of the time I didn't wake him up: I'd just snuggle up against him, put my arm around him and pretty soon I'd be asleep again. It's amazing all the stupid things you can think about when you're eight and nine to scare yourself.

Like, we used to go on night picnics in one town, down by the river. We'd have two fires, one for our parents and their friends, and one for the kids, and when you're older it's a lot of fun to tell ghost stories and vampire stories and things, but for the little kids it's not so nice. You want to be with the bigger kids – you don't want to let on you're scared – and then you go home and you can't sleep or you have bad dreams. It's all stupid – you know it's stupid – but you can't help it: you get fuckin' scared.

Les and Mally jerked off. Long as the old folks were safely downstairs and not likely to walk in and see them, they'd lie there jerking off and telling each other what they were thinking. So I got used to seeing that. I always remember seeing that. And sperm when they were older. Les's cock was bigger; he got hair first. I liked it more than Mally's, because I always thought of Mally's as a peeing cock. Mally was terrifically embarrassed about pissing his bed. He'd never go over to another kid's house to sleep. Mom and Dad made the excuses for him. They pretended they were being strict with him. That was his excuse to turn down stay-over invitations.

Les claims he showed me how to jerk off, but I think I discovered it for myself, because I don't remember getting any lessons from him. When I was about eight we were doing it openly in the same bed. Les would do it about twice a week. I always went to sleep playing with my cock, with my fingers on it, and snuggled up against Les. He always used to kid me about “wearing my wick out” – but in a nice way, so I knew he didn't mind. And on the nights when *he* jerked off I had even more fun playing with myself.

Sometimes he'd fool around with me – sexually – like I was some kind of toy, it seemed like, I mean my dick. That was nice, too. He'd say, “Here, little brother, let me do that for you,” and he'd slide his arm under me and reach up and pull me against his side and take hold of my little cock between a couple of fingers and pull the skin up and down – that's the way we did it in those days.

And one time he caught me in the bath tub soaping my cock – I guess I was maybe ten – and he said, “You make it super clean and I'll give you a surprise in a few minutes.” We were getting ready for bed. When we were in bed he sucked on it. I remember this warm, wonderful feeling spreading out from my sucked dick all through me, like warm cream of mushroom soup being poured over me, is what I told him it felt like. But that's the only time he ever did *that*. Somehow I didn't dare ask him for a repeat. I don't know why. Maybe he was ashamed of himself. Maybe it was just an experiment, like he wanted to know what the girl felt like when she was doing it, or wanted me to know what it felt like to have it done to you – but just once. Because now I think about it I think he'd had his cock sucked by then – I'm sure of it – he was fourteen.

*So you can't remember the first time masturbating?*

Not really. I think I was getting plenty of feeling playing with my cock long before I got a shudder.

*A shudder? You mean an orgasm?*

Yeah, that's what us kids – I mean my gang of friends – we called it.

*A shudder was an orgasm without an ejaculation?*

A shudder was an orgasm. We were too young to get sperm.

*In other words, any kind of orgasm, dry or wet?*

I think so. After me and my friends started to get sperm we started calling it coming. I know when I was ten I was shuddering, but nothing came out until a couple, three years later.

*Like your friends, I suppose.*

When Les was maybe fifteen he started going with girls, so his jerking off in bed tended to happen after he came back from a date. And he'd use me!

*How do you mean – fuck you?*

He was always waking me up in the middle of the night with a case of the blue-balls and whispering in my ear, "Please, please, you gotta help me!" And me: "Get outa here..." And him: "Oh, oh, you don't understand. We started making out, you know, and it was all going good..."

And he'd be whispering all these horny things in my ear, and I could smell her, you know, the powder and perfume that'd rubbed off her on his hands and his face, her lipstick on his lips, you know, all those girl smells, so then I'd get awake and, well, interested, and I'd roll over on my back and let him pull down my undershorts and climb on top and make it slippery (yuck) and get in an outside fuck."

*Well, Les wasn't the only boy you were fooling around with, I know that.*

No. Barry was my best friend those days and we jerked each other off a lot. And there was a lot going on at school.

*At school? Where in the world could you go?* Boys bathrooms, the dark storage area which was a dead-end hall where they stacked up unused chairs and tables and things.

*A hall? That sounds a bit public. Wasn't that pretty dangerous?*

Not if you were quick. You had to be quick. Some of the bigger boys liked doing it to us. I don't know why – they had girls. But some of the big kids would just haul you off and have a quickie with you.

*In the boys' bathroom?*

Mostly in that storage hall. I can remember seeing this big hulk of an upperclassman chasing a little kid down the hall when I'd been excused from class to go to the bathroom, and the little kid was laughing, and he headed right into that storage area. None of the kids thought anything about it, the girls neither: they'd just toss their pretty heads and say boys were being disgusting – as usual. You'd be in some place off by yourself – you thought – and you'd feel arms come around you and some big guy'd be yanking down your pants, and you'd hear him spitting on his hand and then this slippery cock would be poking back and forth between your legs. Maybe you'd be playing with your own cock, too. It wouldn't take long. You were just that "any port in a storm" the kid had to get into. Maybe he didn't even know your name. But none of us really minded. One little twerp got scared and reported a senior to the headmaster and then the shit hit the fan. The senior was kicked off the boxing team; his old man took his car away from him. The little kid was real unpopular after that. The only thing I didn't like was when one of those guys shot sperm all over your clothes. Like he'd be holding you there in the grip of death in his orgasm, going "Uh, uh, uh!" and his jizz would be running down your legs – you'd feel it tickling – heading right for your underpants, or it would be dripping off onto them from the tip of his cock – all the time he'd be coming back down to earth and not caring a shit about *you!* Some of them were sloppy. They wouldn't even help you mop up after. And of course they'd never get you off.

*But with Barry?*

With Barry it was different. He's a kind of dreamy guy. He's the kind of kid that's never been in a fight because nobody'd ever want to fight with him. A guy'd get unreasonable with Barry and he'd sort of look at him and smile – friendly and open – and the kid'd just get reasonable. Nobody ever crowded Barry. And he was my best friend. So it was natural we'd jerk off together. In our homes – usually his home, because Barry had a room all to himself and he didn't have any brothers and sisters. And in the summertime we were riding our bikes all over the place, up and down the river and into the woods. There's a thousand places where two kids can get it on together in the woods around here if the weather's decent.

*It was more than mutual masturbation, though.*

Yes. We practiced kissing. We played the game, “This time *you* be Sally and I'll be me.” So we'd swap roles, being one time ourselves and the next time the girl the other guy was in love with.

*Just kiss?*

Oh, no, a complete making out. That's one thing you'd never be able to do when you got older. Can you imagine pretending your friend was a girl and feeling a beard on him? Like the circus lady – high heels, a skirt, mega-tits and a hippy face? But when you're twelve your skin's like a girl's, and so is your hair and so, sort of, are your smells. If you've got a good imagination it works pretty well. You run your hands all over the other kid's cheeks and nose and lips, over his eyes, through his hair. You stroke his arms, play with his nipples. You have to do a little pretending for tits, but at least you aren't running your hand over a hairy chest. Yeah, it works pretty good.

*So you can't imagine that, then, when you're making out with a man?*

No, of course not. With a man you just lie back and let *him* do everything to *you*.

*And you're not thinking about girls? With a man?*

Sometimes. But not when everything's going nice. You don't need to. You like the guy. You're not thinking about his body. You're not getting off on his body. You're not thinking how beautiful he is. You're getting off on what he's doing to *your* body. That's completely different from what Barry and I were doing when we were pretending.

*So you and Barry were always pretending one of you was a girl?*

Only if we were kissing and stuff. Most of the time we just jerked on each other's. It wasn't really intense. Barry'd say, “I got a flag pole.” I'd say, “You want me to pull up your flag?”

*You did it dry?*

Mostly. We used sun tan oil a couple of times on Kiwanis hikes. One day Barry brought along a little jar of cold cream. But that seemed like a lot of bother when your real problem was not making it go faster but keeping it from going too fast.

When Cory was thirteen he went on a camping trip with some of his friends. It was the first time the parents of several of the boys had allowed an unsupervised over-night away from home.

It was one of those hundred degree weeks in August. There was about 6 of us. Barry's dad took us in the back of his pickup to the river, and we decided to wade with all our gear over to this island – Chigger Island – and camp there.

*That doesn't sound like a very good choice. Chigger Island?*

There were mosquitoes but no chiggers. We fished, we built a fire, we set up our tents and then slept outside because it was warm and dry. We had this big plastic ground sheet, and the next

morning we spread it on the grass in front of our tents. Like I said, it was a real hot day, so we all stripped down to our underwear, and then Barry raised his flag pole – you could see it poking straight out and trying to climb out through the slit. One of the guys said, “Look who's thinking about Suzy” – 'cause Suzy was the current girl all the guys were sperming over at night – and Barry said, “It's a lot better to think about her than look at *your* ugly body.” Then we invented this game of “greasy pig”. We had a Crisco can in camp – a big can, more than we'd need in a month of cooking – so the first two guys that were going to play ditched their skivvys and rubbed themselves down with Crisco and got on the mat and grappled and wrestled – and, man, it was *impossible* to get a good hold on the other guy, with both of you sweating and the grease all over your body! And then it was impossible to keep from getting hard-ons, too. So before they knew it the first two guys were changing the rules. The object was no longer to win at wrestling but to win at sex.

*How do you mean?*

Rub the other guy off without coming yourself. So then you'd won and you had to have the next greasy boy, except you were all worked up and the fresh guy always got you off first, so the only winner was the last boy, and that wasn't much of a win, but the whole game was a real howl. Just the sort of crazy thing you do when you're thirteen, which we were.

*So you had – that was – a sort of sex club?*

No. Not really. We just, about 6 or 7 of us, went around together. There were other cliques in our class – the Catholics had their gang, 'cause they used to go on trips together, and the football crowd, the short hairs. We were nothing special. Now we're older, we have girl-friends and the gang sort of isn't so important, but we're still good friends.

*But greasy pig wasn't the only sex game you played?*

Oh, sure, but that didn't make us a sex club.

*What'd you do?*

Mostly jerk off. Stand around in a circle and see who could come first, show off our sperm, those of us who got it. Try out different lubes, like, one guy's brother supplied him with KY – 'cause the brother when he was making out with a girl never went in without a condom, and you can stretch and break the damned thing when you shove it in if the girl's not gushing yet, he said. But that's about all we did – as a gang. Competing, checking each other out, keeping tabs on who was getting big and who was getting hair and who was getting how much sperm. Nothing really radical.

*I have my doubts about your friend's brother, don't you? Was that really what the KY was for?*

I do now. If you're going to jerk off, KY gives you about the best feel, although I like to thin in down a little with pre-lube or saliva. What I *don't* like is it's always cold when you squeeze it on your dick. Which Vaseline isn't. Vaseline's always warm, and so's hair tonic, all that oil-base stuff. We passed around all those lubes and talked about them.

*Did you ever masturbate each other in a group?*

No, not much. Maybe as a kind of game like greasy pig, or a trick. One day Nate was getting sort of snotty with us – it was over how he was growing up and he was too old to be interested in pulling with us any more – we were down in another kid's basement – so we hauled down his pants and held him down and one of us stroked him off. He didn't act so snooty after that.

*I should think not!*

And that was the summer I took up with Justin Jones. Justin had a star route. He was a friend of



the family and I started going with him when he made his mail deliveries. He paid me two bucks a trip, and cokes and fries, 'cause the driver in a car's on the left and all the post boxes when you pull over to them are on the wrong side of the car for him but not for someone riding with him. Everybody called him "Justin Time", because he was crew chief on the volunteer fire department, and they kidded him that he'd always get his truck to the fire just in time to see the last smoke rising out of the ruins.

On his route he'd reach behind him in his Triumph and get the next batch of mail out and give it to me – as we were riding along – and I'd further sort it and stuff it in the right boxes without even getting out of the car. That way he covered his route in about half the time. It was nice that summer, riding out in the open in his little sports car – laughing – we did a lot of laughing. And then I started to notice things.

*How?*

His hand resting on my shoulder, brushing his face against my cheek or my hair when he reached behind for the mail. I started thinking to myself, "Hang on, here, Cory, something's going down I gotta figure out."

*And you were right!*

Was I ever!

*And you weren't worried?*

Worried? No way! Once I figured out where he was coming from I set out to make it easy for him. I chose the right clothes – you know, short and holey – and when he stared at my crotch I'd grin at him. And I made sure my crotch was staring him in the face most of the time. I slumped down in that bucket seat and opened my knees until they were against the gearshift and the door. When things swelled a little down there I didn't try to hide them.

*You were a pretty advanced cock-tease for 13.*

No, I'd had no experience. I just followed my instinct. I thought it was funny to get old Justin hot and bothered. Then one day we were on this dirt farm road and it started to rain, so we had to get out and put up the top and screw on the side windows, and when we got back in he didn't start the car right away. Instead he put his hand on my crotch. I didn't shove it away, and before I knew it he was beating me off.

*You came?*

I sure did.

*You had a bigger penis by then?*

Yeah, maybe half and half. There was sperm.

*What'd you think of that – a grown-up man masturbating you, the first time in your life that happening to you?*

I don't know as I thought anything. I'd known he was going to do it, right? I'd made it easy for him, right? Well, he liked it; he did it; it felt good. Afterwards he started talking about how boys have to get rid of sperm or they'll go nuts, what I already knew; he was just trying to make himself feel better, or both of us, maybe. And then the next time we had to put the top up and were parked on a little gravel road waiting for this thunderstorm that was really really pissing down to let up – 'cause you can't put mail and newspapers in the boxes when it's raining like that – he gave me a blow job.

*In a Triumph? I don't believe it. There isn't room.*

Justin isn't all that big. He's skinny. He could bend.

*Was that the first time, for you?*

No, I told you Les had done it to me a few years before.

*Oh, yes.*

So it wasn't a complete surprise. But Justin was just a lot better than Les. He was into it. It felt *so good!* The only thing was, I was worried about cars coming along, although I guess we had the windows steamed up pretty good.

*And Justin?*

Justin what?

*Did he get his cock sucked, too?*

No, he didn't.

*What happened to his cock?*

It just sort of went off. Out in the open. Sperm all over the place. I don't remember what pulled its trigger that time.

*Poor Justin!*

Well, it served him right for doing it out on Irving Road!

*And after you'd both ... come?*

We started laughing.

*Was that a nervous reaction?*

Why? Right after you come it is sort of funny, I mean, for a few minutes. That's the way it seems. All those feelings, and panting and rubbing, getting worked up about a penis, for Chrissake, and suddenly it's all over, and what've you got to show for it? A handful of sticky stuff and a cock going limp! It's not like with a girl where you might be trying to make a baby.

*So that's all there is to it?*

What else is there, when you get right down and think about it?

*Come on, be serious.*

Okay, that's only *one* way to look at it, but what's to say there's a better way? Anyhow, Justin was laughing, too. He said, "Help me wipe up." So I pretended to clean off sperm from all over the car, starting with the dash, then the windows, then the canvas roof, then out of my ears, then behind the seat where the mail sacks were supposed to sloshing around in the stuff. We laughed until we about threw up.

*So that was your way of talking over what had happened?*

Talking? That was no time for talking.

*I mean, if one of you felt funny about it.*

Sure, we both thought it was funny as hell – but that didn't stop us from wanting to do it again. A couple of days later Justin showed up in his pick-up truck. There was stuff in the back that I didn't notice then. After we finished the route we drove to his farm.

*So he had a farm, too?*

He'd inherited a house and a hill farm from some dead person in the family, but it was in pretty sorry state. The fields had grown over. There were thorn bushes all up among the apple trees above the house. Justin said he was going to move his family out there some day when he had enough money to fix over the house. In the meantime he was doing just necessary repairs – to the roof, broken windows, and so on.

So that day he put his car in the shed, so nobody would know we were there, and then we hauled up into one of the bedrooms what was in the back of the truck, which was a wrestling mat. We opened the windows to let the moldy smell out and the nice summer breezes off the fields in. And making out on that mat was just a lot better than trying to do anything inside his Triumph with the

top down!

*What did you do? Sexually?*

Uh, all those times sort of get mixed up together. We'd play games. Like, I'd hide and he'd have to find me. He liked it when I just broke down and acted crazy, say stupid things, swing on the door jams. We played all over that farm. I got to know every dark hole in the barn, all the trees you could climb up and hide in. I'd pretend I was a gorilla. In those days when I laughed my voice would go up into squeak. He loved to hear me do that, so I was always squeaking, then talking real low, then squeaking again. We played strip poker. The best game was torture.

*What's that?*

You're tied up and the other guy does all these sexy things to you – but doesn't let you come!

*You're really tied?*

No, you lie there. Pretend.

*And when the torture gets too much?*

You grab it and come off. Only the other guy'd be looking for that and try to stop you.

*What were those sexy things – for you?*

[Laughing.] That's something you got to find out for yourself.

*Fair enough. For Justin?*

He liked to be touched, just gently, all over, but especially on his neck and throat and breasts and the inside of his thighs. And the slide.

*The slide?*

He liked you to lick your lips – and keep them moist – and then slide them slowly all over his face, so when you breathed in and out his skin went hot and cold. He said I had a wonderfully sweet mouth. He meant its smell.

*You do.*

At least I knew I didn't have halitosis! And then he had a camel's hair brush, like painters use, only sort of broad and bushy, and we'd use it on each other's equipment, starting on the guy's balls, just lightly brushing it up and down over the sack, and then slowly up the front of the cock. Pretty soon the cock'd be dripping pre-lube, and you'd wet the camel's hair brush in the pre-lube and start painting with that, like a *real* painter, along the front of the cock and up over the tip. Like, that's the slipperiest stuff in the whole world, only the brush is so soft it could never make a cock spit, no matter how hard it wanted to.

*That sounds more unpleasant than pleasant – like a classic cock-tease!*

Sure, but it was fun for both of us.

*Who held out the longest?*

Me.

*Really? You were thirteen. At the peak of sexual excitability.*

Maybe. But I guess he turned on to me more than I to what he was doing. The difference was when he was fucking his wife he was thinking about me – he told me that – and when he was torturing me, if I was thinking about anything at all, I was thinking about Sally. Man, if Sally'd been kissing me and it'd been *her* hand painting pre-lube up and down the front of my cock with that camel's hair brush – and I don't care how light it would have been – that cock would of spit out its stuff right now!

*Didn't you think – at first anyhow – it was a little strange for this married man... How old was he?*

Twenty-eight, twenty-nine .

*...to be thinking about you when he was making love to his wife?*

I don't know. Some people are just made that way. I see nothing wrong with it, long as nobody gets hurt feelings. Besides, if it'd been me fucking Justin's wife, I'd of been thinking about someone else, too. She was okay as a personality but not much of a looker. And, with Justin, it was a good deal for me!

One week in July Justin's wife took the babies and caught the bus to her mother's for a visit, leaving Justin alone. He and Cory went to the farm and camped out for a few days. They were supposed to be doing repairs.

The first night was a nice night, hot, big moon, and we had a hide 'n seek to end all hide 'n seeks. Outside I hid under the sandy bank of Crawdad Creek, but after he couldn't find me I'd come out and make noises and throw things in the bushes and howl in different parts of the farm. I kept him looking for me for three hours, then I led him to my lair and I tackled him and we rolled around in the mud, and, do you know, I rubbed off on him in that mud!

*Was it as good as Crisco?*

Not quite! But not many people have done it that way. So afterwards we got to a deeper place in the creek and stripped down to our skin and washed up. That was some night – me running around from the barn roof to the tree-tops, howling like Tarzan, and him charging around down below looking for me. It must have been two o'clock in the morning when we finally flaked out on the wrestling mat with a sleeping bag over us. And we talked until dawn. He told me things he'd never told anybody before. About when he was a kid, the mischief he'd gotten into, jerking off, the first time he'd fucked. I asked all these questions. I'd ask him yes/no questions when he was sucking on me – a little nip was no. I don't know how many times I creamed into his mouth that night. It was like I had an endless supply of orgasms and he never got tired of feeling me go off. I can't do that now!

*You say creamed. You were getting real sperm then?*

Just starting. One day I was just jacking off – dry – and when I came I saw this little clear drop resting in the piss-slit. I was so proud I had to show Barry. And, of course, when I tried to with him looking on, nothing came out. But more and more it happened, and the stuff got kind of sticky and not so clear. And then pretty soon I was getting quite a lot.

*And still are!*

I hope so! It was about then I was going with Justin.

*That was when your body started to shoot up, wasn't it? Your voice settled down – lower.*

Yeah. I'd come down in the morning with my jeans about half a foot above my ankles and Dad would look at me and say, "Son, you gotta stop fallin' in the crick so often and shrinkin' them pants," and I'd say, "I haven't been falling in any creek..." and Mom would interrupt and say, "Your Uncle Henry just bought you those pants last Christmas," and I'd say, "I'm growing up, Mom!" and Dad would say, "Better put size in his bath- water, Ma, and shrink him back down a little. We can't afford to have him runnin' through dress-up britches like green apples in a boy's gut." And then I'd realize they were just teasing me. But I hadn't been sure at first, because I'm the last boy in the family. Les and Mally could pass clothes on down, but with me it stopped.

*And Justin? What did he make of you changing from a child to an adolescent?*

One day the next summer I was hanging around waiting for something to happen and Justin drove by in his Triumph. I saw a new boy riding with him, the younger brother of one of my classmates.

I should have suspected something like that was going to go down, 'cause we hadn't been getting it on so often, but it hit me like a kick in the stomach. I was mad. I wouldn't talk to him. When he came to visit Mom and Dad I'd walk out of the room. I told myself we'd been friends. Sex was just something you *did* with friends – like with Barry. Okay, he loved *boys*, but I was still a boy, wasn't I? You don't stop being a boy when you're fourteen. Then a week later, maybe it was, he pulled up beside me in his Triumph when I was walking into town and said, “We got to talk. Jump in.”

So we rode out to the farm and talked it out. He was still my friend, he said. I was one of the most important people in his whole life, and would be until we were both gray-haired or bald. A man never did the kind of loving we'd done without it leaving a permanent friendship behind after it. He loved me just as much, but not in bed so much. And he really wanted me to like Andy, the new kid. He wanted us to spend time together, the three of us, doing things together.

That's how this weird situation started. He'd take me and Andy out to the farm. Justin and I would work on the house – we started really fixing it up, seriously, and he paid me three bucks an hour. And every so often he'd carry Andy, kicking and hollering, up to the wrestling mat:

“Help! Help! Save me, Cory! I'm gonna be tortured! I'm gonna be killed!” And as I worked away there'd be all this giggling from up there.

What's really weird is that Andy had the hots for me, more, I think, than for Justin, and he *was* a cute little kid, so I got off with him on that wrestling mat, too, most days; And it's not as though Justin and I had given up on sex with each other *entirely*. But... it was all sort of odd: here was Justin with his cock hard for Andy, who was after me, who letched after Sally... and Sally liked Barry more than me... and Barry liked Suzy... and for all I know Suzy probably thought Justin was pretty sexy, because she never *looked* at kids in our class, always older men. Sometimes I think that's what sex is all about: doing it enough, but never getting it quite right, never doing it with the person you'd most in the whole world want to be doing it with.

*What was Andy like?*

Pretty. But he'd get on your nerves when you were working. He wasn't old enough to be any good except holding something, and then half the time he'd forget and let it slip. So we showed him how to make toy boats out of lumber scraps, to keep him busy, so he could go down to Crawdad Creek and float them – or watch them turn over and sink because he'd load them up with horse shoes and things.

*And sexually?*

He could kiss like a girl – I never saw anything like it. I don't know where he learned that. His lips would just melt into yours. He'd kiss for hours. He was soft and tender like a girl. He'd snuggle into you. Like with Barry a few years back, you could pretend he was a girl – only there was this hard little pine cone poking into your tummy. What he really liked was to rub off on your hip as you did anything to him that turned you on – like kissing. And pumping you off with his little hand and watching you come.

*I suppose you had an occasional three-way?*

No. Never.

*Why not?*

That's perverted.

*Any more than putting someone's penis in your mouth?*

We one time slept together, with Andy in the middle.

*And nothing happened?*

Andy woke me up playing with my dick. Justin was asleep – you could tell by the sounds. I whispered “Ssshhh” in his ear. We turned toward each other and slicked up my cock and put it between his legs and then rocked real gently, kissing. Justin never knew.

*Well, he wasn't blind to the fact that you and Andy were fooling around. It ought to have been okay by him.*

It wouldn't have been okay by me if he'd woke up.

*Why?*

I told you – three together is perverted.

*It wasn't out there on Chigger Island.*

That was different. That was just our gang. It was a game. It wasn't making love.

*With Andy it was making love?*

Well, what would you call it, kissing and all? That's something you do just one person on one person. If it's a fuckin' circus you don't kiss – unless you're pretty fucked up in the head.

*You almost had some trouble over that affair, didn't you?*

Clive, my classmate, Andy's older brother, started to get suspicious. He asked me one day, “What do you all do out there?” I told him work. He said Andy couldn't be much help, which was true. He started questioning Andy. Did Justin ever put his hand on his crotch? Did Justin show him girlie pictures? Did Justin talk dirty? Clive wasn't in our group. He wasn't in any group, really. Not everybody liked him. He was sort of a loner – unlike Andy, who was real sociable and an organizer of all the other little kids. Andy just kept saying no: he made boats and helped with the carpentry. But there was this weird preacher thing going down in their home: their mother watched religious shows on television. She decided Clive should check up on Andy when Andy went out to the farm with us to be sure nothing was hurting his morals. So this one day Clive rode out on his bike, only Andy happened to be looking out the window and recognized his brother from a long ways off coming up the road, and then we saw Clive trying to hide up in the apple orchard where he could peek into the windows with his binoculars.

Justin sent me off to circle around behind Clive, while he and Andy worked in one of the upstairs bedrooms – they opened the window so Clive'd have a better view. But when I got there Clive had given up looking through his binoculars and he was lying back down in the tall grass playing with his cock. I snuck through the grass like a snake. It was windy, and that helped by making enough sound to cover up my slithering. And Clive never suspected he might be seen from the up-hill side. Every so often he'd pause in his beating off and raise his head and look down toward the house and where the pickup was parked and then lie back down and give his cock a few more licks. Here was this Christian Messenger supposedly snooping out Sin, but going right ahead and committing Christian Sin with himself!

*Well, Cory, not all Christians think masturbation is a sin...*

In that house they did, the mother anyhow, and Clive'd gone along with it. And that really pissed me off. I waited until just the right moment to pounce – until he'd slipped his pants down and his shirt up and was beating away fast and furious, coming around the bend – and then his head jerked up and the jizz flew – and I had him!

*What a shock for the poor kid!*

Poor kid, shit! But I was stronger than him. I made him pull down his T-shirt and mop up his belly with it, and I marched him back to the farmhouse all smelly with sperm. I said, “Guess who I found beating off and spying on us?!” Justin said, “Clive, Clive, this is very serious. I'll have to have a talk with your dad about what you did.” And Clive was in tears: “No, no, please don't tell

Dad. He'll take me out to the garage and beat me bloody with his belt!" Andy said, "And he will, too." So we got a confession out of him that at home they'd had these "stupid, totally wrong", suspicions that the three of us were sinning, and he'd got his ma all worried, and his ma had put him up to spying on us – secretly, because his dad wasn't involved with the plot – and besides didn't like that preacher stuff. But... when Clive got to our farm he couldn't see anything wrong happening, and it was a nice day and, well, there was nothing to do and he had a hard-on... I suspect *thinking* about what we were supposed to be doing had got him worked up, too – he was that sort of pimply, nervous, frustrated kid. Andy said, "Okay, you tell Ma you were wrong." He agreed. Justin said, "And you just mind your own business from now on and maybe I won't have to talk to your dad." So we didn't have any more trouble from Clive after that.

Cory and Justin did remain good friends, although by the time Cory was fifteen there was no longer an erotic bond between the two. Cory had his first intercourse with a girl when he was sixteen and from then on his sexual aim was increasingly directed toward the opposite sex, although he continued to have fleeting contacts with men throughout his adolescence.

I worked at the Kroger store weekends and afternoons when school let out, bagging groceries. And you'd be surprised how many bag-girls get propositioned when they carry groceries out to the customers' cars. So do bag-boys. Mostly from out-of-towners who are staying in house-keeping cabins. I remember *my* first time. This man said, "One of those tenderloins is for you, if you want it." I didn't know what he meant: was I supposed to make off with half of the meat I'd just put on the back seat of his car? Then he went on, "Because you're a nice looking kid, and I bet you been around enough to know what I'm driving at." Okay, *now* I was beginning to see the light, but wasn't one hundred percent sure, until he said, "Is there anything you *don't* do?" So I went with him, after I got out of work.

*Was there... anything you didn't do?*

[Laughing] Yes.

*How was it?*

How should I say... Man, it's *always* nice to get sucked off. This guy wanted to kiss, too. I like that less with just any old person.

*Did he want a BJ?*

I'd told him I didn't do that – among other things. No, any dick that goes into my mouth better belong to someone I know better than I did this guy. And be someone I like.

*Did he pay you?*

Sure, with a nice charcoal steak he cooked back at his cabin.

*That's all?*

I'm no whore. I don't *have* to be a whore. I make enough at my odd jobs. When I take a girl out we go Dutch. I don't date girls that demand you do expensive things and you pay for it all to show her how much you lust for her bod. And music's not that important to me. I don't have to have the latest records.

I was helping out haying on the farm next to my uncle's – this was just last fall – and there was a farm hand there I used to get it on with. B.T. Naylor. B.T. wasn't an awful lot older than me, maybe twenty, twenty-one, and kind of boyish. We were put in the same room. The very first night he came on like sex was going out of style: "I'm jerking off. What're you doing? Wanna see mine? I'd sure like to get a feel of yours. It's always a lot nicer to do it together, don't you think?" So I

told him he could come into my bunk. And, you know, I really got off on him, I don't know why. It's not like we were deathless friends. He was just so... normal, and kid-like. He could almost have been a guy my age. He kissed nice; I got into kissing with him. He sucked good, rubbed off good. And I sucked on his cock but didn't want to take a load, so I jerked him off at the end. It was what I'd call light sex, uncomplicated. Something that really wrings your balls out at the time, and then you turn over and go to sleep happy and never give it another thought – until the next night when your cock's up again!

Cory is now an office worker in a larger town some hundreds of miles from Morley. He is still single but has had three serious relationships with women. He wants to marry and have children and is unofficially engaged to the younger sister of his old best friend Barry, but the couple has decided to wait until his financial position is better.



## *Duane*

A set of unusual circumstances which need not be detailed here brought me one very hot summer day to a small airport in the middle of Arizona's Salt River Valley agricultural district. An old bi-wing training plane, retro-fitted as a crop duster, landed, taxied to a clattering stop on the ramp. The pilot got out and walked to the airport's tiny office building. A moment later a small figure, totally yellow, emerged from a hatch behind the pilot's seat, jumped down to the ground, ripped off what looked like a surgeon's face mask, bent over, stiff-legged, at the waist, with hands on knees, and for about half a minute coughed and whooped and spat and through his fingers blew his nose.

I could soon see that the yellow person was a boy of about 12 and he had ridden in the plane's dust hopper. Agricultural chemicals can be toxic to man; carrying people around in ag-plane hoppers is quite illegal. I was standing there contemplating whether I should give the pilot a piece of my mind when I saw him leave the building with another man and drive away in a pick-up truck.

The boy had noticed the pilot's departure, too. He gave one last furious spit and yelled, "Son of a bitch!" I walked up to him and said he'd better wash right away. "Yeah, sure," he said, "how'm I gonna do that? *He's* got my all my clean clothes!"

I took him behind one of the hangars, found a hose, had him strip and gave him a good rinsing down. Slowly a normal boy emerged, with blond hair, blue eyes, a rather sturdy chest, square shoulders and nicely rounded buttocks. A glance at his genitals suggested he had just entered puberty.

I had a set of coveralls in my car which, with legs and arms well rolled back, he was able to get into. We drove to the nearest village for a Coke (actually he downed 3 or 4) and some fast food. As we sat there enjoying the air-conditioning, his story came out. He'd been orphaned at age 10, had gone through (and run away from) several institutions and foster homes and was on the run even now. He'd met Billy the crop duster (who flew under the name of Billy Bold) only a few months before. Billy had hired him as "bag boy" (someone to help him load bags of chemicals into the plane) for food and lodging – and a few dollars a day, none of which he had yet seen. Billy worked as an independent – a loner who didn't (or perhaps couldn't) fly for one of the larger "aero-ag" companies. He moved around the state dusting and spraying for marginal clients whose fields were too small or where obstructions made the area too hazardous for the larger concerns. From base to base he carried his bag boy in the old plane's hopper. On this last trip the hopper had still been partly full of powder, which was why Duane had emerged in such a sorry state.

After finishing a second cheeseburger, the boy made an important announcement. Our conversation went something like this:

*Duane:* I'm not going back to Billy.

*Me:* You'll be a lot healthier if you don't.

*Duane:* All the fucker does is lie.

*Me:* So what are you going to do instead?

*Duane:* Hitch up with you.

And so started a relationship which has persisted, with many interruptions, to this day.

For it turned out that Duane could do a lot more than dump bags of agricultural chemicals into plane

hoppers. He had, in fact, met Billy Bold while lounging around a currently notorious pick-up comer in south Phoenix. He had early learned how to please other males and survived on his skills when he was on the run. Some years later he described to me how boys learn about sex in the kind institutions where he had been placed:

No little kid stays innocent very long in a home. It don't matter how well they guard you, they finally got to all go to sleep. And that's when the action starts. You're new. You're a little guy. First night you wake up and one of the older boys, or stronger boys, is getting under the sheets with you. He's got his hand over your mouth so you don't make any noise. You feel this warm slippery hard thing poking you from behind, and if the first time you don't know what that is you find out pretty quick. He hugs you. He licks your neck and your ears. He whispers you're a nice wiggly little puppy and he takes his hand off your mouth if you promise to keep still. You hear a few of the other kids in the room start to giggle. Now his cock has slipped down between your legs and is going in and out. He tells you to tighten up. You don't know what he means. He tells you to clamp your legs together. His cock seems like it's oiled up and you don't know what with. He gets more and more nervous. He groans and jerks and then you're *really* slimy down there, and there's this peculiar smell...

If Duane was good looking (and he was), it was partly because he had a very normal, even-featured face. It was the kind of face you might expect to see on hundreds of American boys. As such, he could be quite forgettable when it was to his advantage to be so, as when he was running away: it was very difficult for radio reports to characterize him as anything but a medium-height, medium-weight, sandy-blond, blue-eyed boy of such and such an age. But when he “connected” with another person his face suddenly came to life, and then you noticed his eyes were rather shrewd, perhaps a bit old for his age: you would see him sizing you up, and you'd better not be “bamboozling” him, to use one of his own words. He didn't smile much, but he was able to put on a sexually sultry look which he quickly learned brought him lovers, and protectors. When he was 16 he reminisced about his first institutional home:

I didn't have it too bad in that place. The oldest boy in our room, Sayre, was pretty decent. There were eight of us in there – four beds along each side of the room, about two feet apart, and Sayre with his bed at the end under the window. It was like Sayre was the stallion and we were his mares. He wouldn't let anyone come near us.

The first night he gave me a lecture about what went on, what you could and couldn't do. For instance, it was okay to get into bed with another kid *in that room*, and as long as he didn't want you in *his* bed.

*But you couldn't get it off with other kids in the other rooms in the home?*

No. That was the deal. We were his. And we didn't mind. We were all pretty small. He was a great big fourteen. I was only ten. He kept the bullies away. I saw Sayre bloody a kid for picking on one of us.

*And in bed?*

Yeah, I owe a lot to Sayre. I didn't even know how to jerk off, would you believe? The first night he took me over to his bed as soon as all the grown-ups disappeared and showed me how you did it.

*Showed you how... on him?*

On him, on me, on both of us. Nothing much happened at first. I suppose I was holding back

because I didn't know what the score was. Then, when it finally got stiff, he made it slippery, and I *couldn't* ignore the good feeling then.

*He was talking to you?*

Yes, all the time, explaining what he was doing or was about to do.

*And the other boys in the room?*

They didn't make any trouble. Hell, we didn't *dare* make any trouble for Sayre. Besides, like I said, Sayre wasn't the only kid making out with another kid. There were always, early in the night, some guys getting it off.

*And nobody on the staff ever got onto what was happening? You never made too much noise... running back and forth, giggling, bumping beds across the floor, I don't know...?*

If things got noisy Sayre'd shut us up. Like I said, he had control.

*And all he did was jerk you off?*

That first night, yeah. Then that was enough. It was my first orgasm, which was pretty important to me. I've met kids who'd been jerking off for years, getting orgasms and everything, and didn't know what it was all about. They thought they were the only kids in the whole wide world who did that to their cocks. So Sayre saved me a lot of wondering. He used to give us sexual information in our "bull sessions". Sometimes he'd tell stories after the lights went out. Sometimes they were stories you could jerk off to; everyone in the room would be jerking off, including Sayre.

*He went on to teach you other techniques?*

The guy in the bed next to me did. He sucked my cock. That was the first time that'd ever happened, too. He was bigger, maybe a year older than me. He was always getting in bed with me and wanted me to be a special friend – cut your fingers and mix the blood and all that shit.

*Sayre didn't suck your cock?*

Sayre was an ass man.

*He fucked you?*

He would have done if I'd have let him.

*So you kept a virgin ass?*

At that place, yeah. Sayre fucked me between the legs. Mine was too little then to do anything but slide between a couple of fingers or on some guy's hip or belly.

*Well, it sounds like you didn't have it too bad.*

No, the room was okay, the kids were okay, but I couldn't stand the lack of freedom. All these men ordering you around who didn't have any right to. Okay, your mother and father order you around, but you're their son, they made you, they got a right, they care about you, they'd die to save your life, and you'd die to save theirs. These guys were nothing but paid keepers. They didn't really give a shit about you. When you got mad they'd never understand *why*. So one day I just took off.

A year later he fled from another institution. By then he had wandered up to Idaho. One of the other boys had told him, "You run away, the first thing you do is get out of the state." That became one of his firm principles. In Idaho he had been taken in by a farmer who finally placed him in a Catholic home. When the farmer didn't come to visit him after a while he ran away again. What happened then he told me about when he was thirteen:

First I thought I'd better put as many miles as I could between myself and the Home, so I started

hitch-hiking east on the highway which led through the mountains to the Green River area and Jackson Hole. I got a ride with a couple of old people almost to the Wyoming line. I told them I was going home to my folks' ranch in the Hoback Valley, which is where one of my friends at the home had come from. When they turned off my route the sun was going down. It was almost dark when that bastard picked me up.

*Bastard?*

He sure was. He was driving a pick-up truck, about thirty, sort of soft looking. He had on a bright jacket and necktie and he stank.

*Body odor?*

After-shave and bad breath. He had an Idaho station on the radio. I was scared there'd be a report about me running away, but then the station faded when we got into the mountains. I hadn't slept much the night before. I dozed. And I woke up with that bastard's hand on my knee. He said he was thinking we'd stop pretty soon, at a motel. I was pretty sure I knew what he had in mind but I didn't like him. I didn't trust him. Those days I still had a virgin ass. I told him I had to get out and take a leak. He pulled over to the side of the road. I got out. He grabbed my sleeve and said, "Coming out your side, kid." Well, I peed, and at the same time I was looking down the side of the road. I saw, I could just see in the twilight, this corrugated culvert sticking out the road-fill. Then the bastard turned his flashlight on my cock and the stream of piss coming out of it and started making comments, like "You got real reach. Short hose, high pressure. A guy'd be dumb to get into a pissing contest with a kid your age." So I broke and ran – down the bank toward that culvert, with the guy coming after me. I made it, I crawled in, but the bastard was too big, too fat, to squeeze in after me. Actually he got hold of one pantleg and one of my sneakers and pulled them both off as I kept crawling back into the culvert. And it stank in there. Something had died.

But that stink was better than the bastard's bad breath. The bastard hollered at me, "You want your pants and shoe, you better come out." I told him to fuck himself. He said he knew I was a run-away and couldn't we make a deal? No way was I going to make a deal. He said he'd buy me supper and breakfast, anything I wanted, all he required in return was a little loving. I said go to hell and he said he probably would but he didn't need my help for that. And, do you know, he was sniffing my Levis in the crotch and making more disgusting comments, about how he'd keep my pants to jerk off into that night if he didn't have my ass to fuck.

Well, finally he left. When I crawled out it was really dark. There I was on the side of the road wearing one work shirt like they give kids in those homes, one shoe, two socks and a pair of unders. Did I feel stupid – and mad! I hoped the bastard would come down with some horrible disease from rubbing his cock on my pants. I was actually talking to myself. I started walking, direction Wyoming. One shoe without the other is worse than nothing at all, so I kicked off the one sneaker I had left.

I was just about to sit down and cry, 'cause all the trucks I tried to wave down kept on going. Then a camper with a South Dakota license stopped and this real nice woman leaned out the window when I limped up beside it and said something like "Gracious, what's a boy like you doing on the road at this time of night?"

I jumped in. We took off. I told them I'd got lost on a swimming party after some kids had stolen most of my clothes. Mrs. Smith (that was their name) told her husband after a while to "put that boy to bed before he's sprawled all over us."

I don't know how I got back there, but next thing it was broad daylight and the camper was parked under some cottonwood trees and I was facing this little girl in bed! I felt around. I was

still only in my underwear. I said hello. She said, "Who are you?" I said, "Duane." She said, "Are you a relative?" I said I didn't think so, and she went on, "Because we have lots and lots of relatives all over. Don't you?"

Well, I didn't, and that started making me feel sort of bad, not to mention being embarrassed about waking up in bed practically naked with a girl. And now the blanket that'd been covering us fell off. She said, "You're only in your Jockeys, and your feet are dirty. I checked them, too." I told her that wasn't nice, because, for one thing, I was a boy, and then she said, "I *know*. I *saw* that." When I was asleep she'd looked! "Well," she said, "I didn't know you, and you were sound asleep, so I lifted up that white thing and peeked." Then she asked me if when my thing got stiff and pokey "the way it is now", did that mean I wanted to make a baby or "did you just have to wee?"

Duane traveled five days with the Smiths. They were ardent nudists and at noon Mr. Smith always tried to find a clear stream crossing where they would park the camper, make sandwiches and then explore upstream or downstream for a place where they could all swim naked. And Duane continued sleeping every night with the little girl, whose name was Candy. She initiated him into his first tentative heterosexual explorations. She masturbated him, showed him how to masturbate her. They inspected each other very closely.

When it started to get chilly in the north, Duane worked his way down to Arizona, and it was the following summer that we ran into one another at the little Salt River Valley airfield.

Duane stayed with me the rest of the -summer but by early September I began to realize he was preparing to leave. He was getting restless. I was away a lot. People were starting to talk about putting him in school. One day I asked him for his wallet and, with an indelible marking pen, wrote my present telephone number and a private postal address I would always keep active in it. I told him it was in case he "ever got lost". And a few days later when I came home he had cleared out.

I started hitch-hiking to my grandmother's. She lives over in the Ozark Mountains. That's a long way from Arizona. I got all kinds of rides, mostly with trucks. I'd learned the trick of carrying around school books, in a school bag, and I told people I was just coming back from helping out my uncle on his ranch, or a school picnic where I got lost, or something logical. I actually got to New Mexico, and in Albuquerque I called my grandmother. But she sounded strange; she wanted to know exactly where I was – and a couple of days later I was right back in Care again.

*And you didn't call me.*

I wasn't in that Home more than a month before I was on the road again.

*What did you do?*

One of the older boys told me about the hustling comer in El Paso, so when I got there I asked questions and got some queer looks, but I found it. What there was were a lot of big teenagers looking tough, standing around on the sidewalks, and every so often one of them would walk to the curb and spit and look up and down the street and come back and lean against the store-front again. Along about 6 o'clock these cars started cruising by and some kid would climb in one and go off. I watched, trying to figure out how it was done. The kids avoided each other. They avoided me. It was like they were all enemies. I didn't know then that lots of kids on the game are on drugs – they *had* to earn money that night. Anyhow, I was watching so hard I didn't see this guy coming up behind me until he put his hand on my shoulder. I jumped a mile. He said, "Don't be afraid: I'm not a policeman." I told him I was sorry, I was just nervous, that's all. He said, "Let's go get

something to eat – You hungry?” And that was okay with me. First of all, because I was hungry, second, because it gave me time to look him over and figure out where he was coming from.

*And it ended up in bed?*

Yup. He said he had a wife and a boy at home just about my age. He was lonely. He'd like it a lot if I'd sleep with him in his motel room that night. When we got there he started some bullshit line about how boys, even boys as young as me, should learn about their bodies, but I said, “Look, I don't suck no cocks and nobody gets in my ass.” The guy turned all red. I said, “You want to suck me off, okay, and you can rub off on me or fuck me between the legs, your choice.”

*You enjoy putting people on the spot. Don't you?*

All this bullshit, bullshit! A guy wants to suck cock, he should just come out and say it. Hell, a twelve-year-old run-away isn't going to go screaming to the cops. He knew that. No, he just wanted to come over as this great good guy who was only thinking of my future happiness. And I was supposed to be so grateful I'd do anything for him.

*So what happened?*

We went to bed. He sucked my cock and was about to quit after my first come, but I told him to keep on doing it, I needed at least a couple more. He did it good, too. In fact, he did it so good (and I knew his mouth was getting tired at the end) that I sucked his cock a little for him, just before he put it between my legs.

*So both of you slept happy.*

You could say that. I let him rub off on me whenever he wanted, all night long. In the morning he sucked me off again a couple of times. Then we went to the motel coffee shop and he bought me a big breakfast. Turned out he was on a sales trip around the mountain states. Mr. Brown. He had an air-conditioned Buick and the back seat had a big rod up in the air across it hung with samples of mens' clothes. He mostly worked the medium-sized towns, where there were maybe two or three stores that carried the kind of suits folks go to church in. He'd stay there maybe two days at most, then drive on.

So I hitched up with him for a while. We'd pull into a motel, he'd sign me in as his son, he'd do his business and I'd be on my own, except, of course, for dinner and sleeping. That was okay as long as we were in the south and it was warm, He'd pick a motel with a swimming pool, but when we got north and up into the mountains and it was too cold to swim and there was nothing in those little towns to do except look at TV, then it got pretty boring.

*What about school? Didn't people wonder why you weren't in school?*

When you're only staying two nights? Nobody worries about a kid if they don't see him getting into trouble and he's just passing through.

*How long were you with Mr. Brown?*

Let's see... two, two and a half months.

*And every night he sucked you and got a leg job?*

No, he got in my butt, too.

*Eventually.*

'Cause in the last home I'd had a friend I fucked around with. I fucked him and he fucked me.

*You fucked... then?*

Hell, I wasn't *that* little. I was growing. You know it wasn't no kid's pee-pee when you first saw me.

*Well, it wasn't a pile-driver, either.*

It was still big enough to get into Charley's ass. and Charley was a couple of years older. His

was bigger. We kept trying. First I fucked him – using shampoo, I remember – and he said it wasn't so bad, and then he kept trying on me. We used everything: his shampoo, soap, hair tonic. It finally worked with hair tonic.

*Did you like it?*

Not really. Charley didn't know how to make it feel good.

*Did Mr. Brown?*

Yes. And he also knew how to do it so as it wouldn't hurt my ass.

*How'd he do that?*

He used what he called his “kid-sized vibrator”. It wasn't too big around. It worked on skinny batteries. He'd grease it up with KY and the first night he just played it around the pucker. That was a new nice feeling. The next night he put it in a bit, with it still vibrating. And *that* was a weird feeling. Then he used his “man-sized” vibrator and got me used to that. We were in Butte, Montana, I remember. It was snowing outside. I practiced with the man-sized vibrator when he was away selling clothes. I wore down the battery, and that night I let him fuck me.

*Was it good?*

Sure, it was okay. Only, like, Mr. Brown wasn't really a friend or anything. We weren't even a team. We were just sort of traveling the same way. We were using each other. I'd listen to him talking to his wife on the phone, and his kids, and it was like he was a different person. I knew no way was I going to be invited to his home in California at the end of his sales trip.

*What kind of man was Mr. Brown?*

Oh, I don't know. He'd never, like, say really what he meant. I think he was more than anything else boring. I'd guess his wife was boring, and his kids, too. Everything was, like, on TV – cleaned up and nice, only we'd go to bed and he'd have my cock in his mouth, and a little later his cock up my ass, which was something he didn't know how to talk about the way people talk on TV. He could *never* talk about fucking and blowing without using a lot of big words. But he never kicked me around or nothing. He was kind of flabby. Forty-five. He was always clean and neat. You have to be if you're selling clothes, I guess.

So I rode with him to the West Coast, all through Mormon country. And in a small town near Seattle I just left him. Didn't leave a note or nothing. What happened was I saw a trucker at this bowling alley. The motel where we were staying was also a bowling alley. I'd run out of money for another game by myself and I was just hanging around buying pop and stuff and this guy, Denny, invited me to play with him. It was in the morning; there weren't many people. We played a couple of games. We hit it off. He bought me lunch. He was waiting for his load, which was supposed to be ready that evening. I asked him where he was going and he said Miami – that's the longest trip you can make from there across the US. So – I didn't tell him nothing; I'd decided, though. I went back to our room, picked up my stuff – I didn't have more than what you can put in a gym bag – but when I came back to the restaurant he was gone. Then I really *was* worried because I'd left my key in the room and when Mr. Brown came back he'd know I'd tried to leave him, me sitting there with my gym bag, and then I wouldn't have *anybody* to go with.

*Oh, I imagine you'd have found a guy...*

Sure, but you've got to have *some* kind of cushion. I didn't even have enough money for a bowling game. All the cushion I had was lunch in me and change. So I started walking, with my gym bag in my hand, down the road out of town, and then along came this truck going in the opposite direction – refrigerator deal behind – but I saw on the cab DENNY MAYHEW. I jumped up and down and shouted, but he went right on by. I could swear he'd looked at me. I cussed and

kicked stones, and then I got a ride down the road a little bit, and then the guy turned off and I was standing on the shoulder with all these cars whizzing by not paying any attention to me when I saw Denny's truck coming at me, this time on my side. So I walked right out in the lane and put my gym bag down and put my hands on my hips and scowled at him, and this time he did stop. "What the hell," he said, "what you doing out here?" I said, "Why'd you pass me up just now?" "I didn't. I stopped, didn't I?" "I mean before that, going the other way." Well, he hadn't seen me. He'd just been going back to the motel to check out and pick up his things. "Anyhow," he said, "what you doin' hanging out your thumb?" "I'm going with you to Miami," I told him.

*I remember that approach!*

'Cause you know. You can tell when a man likes you that way.

*How? How did you know about Denny?*

The way he'd slide in and sit next to me in the bowling alley, so we were touching. The way he kept looking at me. A guy on the make listens carefully to everything you say, he's interested in everything you say. It's not like an ordinary man that just makes conversation and looks over your shoulder to see if there's a grown-up around he'd rather be shooting the shit with. It's not hard to tell when a man wants to get it on with you. I knew about you right away.

*Right away?*

Well, it was pretty obvious when you told me to take off my clothes. *All my clothes.*

*That was because...*

Yeah, I know, I was covered with bug poison, but how many guys would do that? They'd say, "Go take a shower," and if you didn't that was your problem.

Anyhow, I rode with Denny for quite a while. Sleeping with him was a lot nicer than with Mr. Brown. He was younger. He was slim, almost skinny, but he had strong muscles that kind of bunched out on his arms and shoulders. You could see his ribs and his stomach was flat and real hard. And he was fun to be with, most of the time, except when he got into a mood and then he wasn't mean or nothing, he just shut up and we listened to country and western on his cassette.

And the next day he'd be fine again. He had a bed in the cab. Sometimes we did sex in it, when we were parked, of course. I was up there a fair amount during the day, reading comics, sometimes jerking off. He'd say when I climbed back there, "Don't jerk off all your energy – I'm gonna need some tonight when we get into Wichita." But he knew that sometimes I liked to do it alone, when I could look at a picture of a woman in a magazine and make up a story about her.

That was something Mr. Brown never understood. I had to do it secret when he was away. But Denny sometimes actually told me some of his experiences with women as he was driving along, leaving in all the hairy details, and he'd know I'd be having it on with myself up behind him. He thought that was fine. He said, "Hell, your age, you can come three times as often as me."

So that was a pretty good trip. Most nights we'd stop in motels. At least every second night. Sometimes he'd drive right through. I'd sleep in the bed behind him. Along about eight in the morning we'd pull into a truck stop for breakfast and a shit and then, when we got further south, he'd find a place near a park or something where I could go out and play and he could get a couple hours' sleep. One time we stopped outside an amusement park and he gave me forty dollars to do all the rides. And you know what? I got sick on one of them and threw up all over my pants. I didn't want to wake him up so I had to sit around stinking and wet. We put my pants in a plastic bag and I rode in my unders all day and I had to scoot into the motel that night – up stairs and along an outside balcony – like some stupid mooner.

*Must have been a nice sight.*



Shut up. Then we got to Miami and they had a heat wave. It was January, would you believe it? I begged and wheedled and we rented a car and drove down to the keys and the first time in my life I swam in the ocean. It was also the first time I really swam, 'cause I didn't know how to swim, really. All I'd done was bounce up and down at the shallow end of pools and stuff. Denny taught me. Not only that, but he bought me a snorkel and face-mask and flippers, and then, out in the ocean and back in the little canals in the mangrove swamps, man, what you could see! All those fish, and sponges and stuff. We were there for ten days. Denny's truck was in for some repairs. Every night we slept in big, soft beds, We screwed ourselves silly.

*He was fucking you?*

You bet!

I should interrupt the narrative at this point to make clear that, among other dichotomies, Duane in his teens was both hungrily heterosexual and ardently anal. He told me one time, "What for me would be the greatest, would be to be fucking this fabulous chick while your cock was up my ass at the same time." Even when he was thirteen years old, Duane was able to lie absolutely still, for hours if necessary, with an erection in his rectum. It was as though being penetrated sexually put him into a dream state somewhere between orgasm and having his back scratched (which he also liked). He always wanted the man to stay in him after a first ejaculation, and to wait with his penis inside (maintaining, if possible, its stiffness) for the impulse for a second round to return.

*What else did you do?*

Round the world. That was weird at first, but Denny turned on to that. He'd suck my toes, and my fingers, and lick inside my elbows and knees, and my neck, and my face, and my tits. And he'd slowly work his way down to my hard-on. And then he'd suck me off.

*You'd like that?*

Yeah, I suppose. I'm not totally big on slobber. I know some guys like wet kisses. That's okay with me, but it's not just the most exciting thing in the world. But getting a B-J – *that's* great! That was worth waiting for. Denny gave a better B-J than Mr. Brown, that's for sure.

After I learned how to swim and snorkel we took a fishing boat out to the reef. It was like a fairy tale, the first time. All those little fish in all those different colors! And they're so tame. You can swim right in with them. You feel like you're part of their school. Then I saw a barracuda and I almost did a Jesus act getting back into the damn boat – walking on water. But, really, you don't have to worry – barracuda only attack little fish, when they want something to eat. He said I was pretty little but not that little. Still... man, have you ever seen those teeth? I told Denny I was glad I had my bathing suit on because maybe the barracuda would think my cock and balls were little fish swimming under my belly. Later, of course, I got used to all that.

After ten days the truck was ready and Denny had a delivery to Philadelphia and then Buffalo and then Chicago, he thought. He lived in Chicago. I could go all the way with him and stay in his home and maybe he'd put me in school.

*Because he didn't have a family.*

He lived with his father. His father wouldn't mind my staying there, even when Denny was away on trips. Well, that sounded like a bummer to me, and we quarreled. It was so nice down there on the keys... and Chicago in mid-January? Forget it!

I moved in with two gays Denny and I'd got to know that were finishing their own house. It was built up on poles – because of the hurricanes in September and October – and underneath they

parked their car and docked their boat. Dieter and Ned. Dieter was retired – early – and Ned was only about 30, but they'd been together since Ned was 14 and had been kicked out of his home when the old man caught him gaying off with another boy. Ned was a good builder. He taught me how to do doors. That's the hardest part of carpentry, getting doors right, the frames, I mean, so they don't stick. And Dieter was a great cook. I worked on that house most days, and sometimes I helped at the motel, too. I took people out water-skiing in the lagoon, or dropped them off on islands and picked them up later. It was a good life – good folks, good food, good weather, good easy-going sex, lots interesting to do. Until Malcolm came down, in April, and everybody started talking about school. Malcolm was a teacher. He persuaded Dieter and Ned that I should be studying in school – not wait until next September, but right now. That's another thing – you're the only man I know who doesn't talk about school.

*I know about school. I've been in schools an awful lot.*

You don't like them?

*Sure, they're okay.*

But you never tried to put me in one.

*Some boys don't belong in schools.*

'Cause they're too stupid?

*Or individual. If I made you go to school you'd just run away again.*

Sure would! And that's what I did when Dieter called up the local school and started making arrangements. I just got out my gym bag and stuffed in it as much of the winter clothes Denny had got me as I could and set off for Chicago. Of all the people I'd known in the eastern part of the United States, Denny was the best. I didn't tell him I was coming. I had some money saved, over two hundred dollars ...

*So you wouldn't have to knock off grocery stores...*

Come on, you know me better 'n that. I never filched nothing – oh, maybe when I was a kid cookies from my mom or from the kitchen at one of the homes – but nothing ever from a store. People that steal are *low life*, man. Hell, a kid can always make money legit. And that's another thing, drugs. I never did drugs. Kids that do drugs are shit, I won't have nothing to do with them, and men are worse. I don't mind working. On that trip north I took up with some of the pickers. I got a ride with a Cuban family in their old junky pick-up. They had in it absolutely everything they owned. I rode behind with Antonio, a kid about my age, and we sat there and laughed and jerked off and I tried to speak Spanish. So I stayed with them for a week. Antonio fucked my butt and let me fuck his butt, and we picked strawberries. Man, that gets your back if you're not used to it. But I don't mind hard work. Antonio fucked the kinks out of my back at night and I got 'em back the next day.

I just kept hitch-hiking north, going up with the sun.

*And you never had any trouble from the police?*

Naw, I only hung out my thumb where you turn on to the expressways. I'd be looking for rides and cop cars. If I saw a cop car coming I'd just stand there like I was waiting for a friend to come and pick me up. And a gym bag doesn't make you look like you're a *real* hitch-hiker, it makes it look like you're waiting to get taken by somebody's dad to a ball game. So I never got no hassles from cops.

*Did you get hassles from horny guys?*

Yeah, once or twice, but that's okay. Mostly they were nervous, like they had to get tough to frighten you into doing something. A guy'd grope me hard, I'd just say, "Sure, you can do that, I dig

it,” and we'd stop at a motel and he'd have a fine old time all over me. I'd get a nice bed to sleep in and make sure he bought me a good dinner and breakfast.

*But nobody got mean?*

Nobody. Well, I wasn't no 10-year-old no more. I was getting pretty big. I might have finally lost in a fight, but the guy'd have known he'd been in a fight. And there was always license numbers and things. No, a man'd be crazy to kick a kid around when the kid might know his license number. Unless he's going to kill the kid. The man's got a lot more to worry about from the kid who can just run off with his wallet and there'd be no way of tracing him.

Denny didn't live in Chicago – he lived on a little junky farm outside of Chicago – only he wasn't home when I got there. He was off on a trip. But his dad was there, Harlow Mayhew, skinny like Denny, really bald, smelling of pipe tobacco. He knew who I was. He said Denny had missed me. And you know what? First night he fucked me. He put me in Denny's room, and I was just getting to sleep when the door opened and old Harlow came in after a hard-on that about wouldn't stop. He started hemming and hawing. I just reached out and grabbed it and pulled him into bed with me. Denny hadn't told me his father liked boys, too. I wonder how old Harlow made Denny in the first place, but he was married, he said, happily, for 25 years, until his wife died, and had had boys beside.

It was late May, now, so there was no talk about getting me into a school. I helped Harlow around the farm. Man, everything was in awful shape. The farm wasn't farmed no more. Harlow lived on a pension. But his house outside was pretty bad. We repaired his porch, which was about to fall in, and painted the window frames. I cleaned up a whole lot of junk in the shed. That's what I was doing, all filthy and sweaty, when Denny got. Back with just the tractor part of his truck. He saw me carrying a box of old magazines out to the fire I'd made, and he jumped out of the truck and ran over to me and picked me up and gave me a bunch of sloppy kisses and a hug that was about to break my ribs.

*So you knew you were wanted.*

As well as disapproving of drugs and thievery, Duane had very strong feelings about alcohol. He refused to make love to any person who had been drinking. He probably picked up his hatred of liquor from a foster home he was placed in when he was eleven. The father was “a mean drunk,” very proper and sanctimonious when sober but sarcastic and wounding after he had downed a half dozen beers.

That son of a bitch could get everyone in the house crying. He'd go to church on Sunday (or listen to one of those revival meetings on the radio), get his righteousness fix from some shitty preacher, then go sit down in his special chair in the living room and start to work. He knew everything that bothered people. His wife was a little fat – that was because she was too lazy to keep a decent house – she didn't care about her family; all she thought about was stuffing her fat face. His daughter had zits: he never came out and said it, but he let on it was because she had her finger up her twat all the time. I, of course, was ungrateful, and you're fucking right I was.

That asshole was making money off of me – Arizona was paying him!

Disapproving of drug use was not likely to endear a boy to his contemporaries during those “flower power” years, but Duane was never much drawn to boys and girls of his own age. He had little capacity for play, and a great hunger for adventure. Adults and near-adults seemed like a better ticket to the kind of life he wanted to lead.

Duane stayed with the Mayhews for a few months, and then started his wanderings again. He would show up in my home for a few days, stay with me, get restless and disappear. He hustled in San Francisco, bummed around as a kind of mascot with an older surfing crowd in southern California, several of them delighting in his experienced anus at night. He visited Dieter and Ned in Florida, picked cranberries in Maine, washed dishes in Cape Cod, where he met a gay painter and got passed around from cottage to cottage until fall weather set in. This was a period of American history when there were many wandering young boys and girls and the great industry which now “protects” teenagers hadn't yet figured out how to effectively control them. During these years he grew, of course, and his voice thickened and deepened.

I thought, when he was sixteen, I was going to lose touch with him at last, but then early one October morning, at 2:00 a.m., he was ringing my doorbell. He'd just arrived in town on the transcontinental bus and had walked, with his backpack, the four miles from the bus station out to my house. A new phase of his life had begun:

I was at my grandmother's. It was the first time I'd seen her since the accident [In which his parents were killed. – J. W.]. She started on me about my life. I was going nowhere. I was a drifter. All I knew were low-life types. She didn't know of course I'd been living with some pretty important people – I couldn't tell her that. But I got thinking: all that was going to end. You just have to look at some of the older hustlers. They stand around not getting taken. They go downhill. They see kids 14, 15 getting picked up – not them. Now they're 21, 23. What do they know?

*I imagine they just drift into some other kind of work.*

The dumb ones? What're they good for?

*There're plenty of dumb young men making out in work they're just up to. I don't buy this business of hustlers being burned out at 25 and the sooner they commit suicide the more merciful it is. As long as they're not hooked on some habit they can't kick.*

Well anyhow, one of the old lodgers at my grandmother's got a visitor named Harvey. He was a water expert. He went all over the world for governments and worked on irrigation and wells and dams...

Here followed a half-hour's description of the various projects Harvey had talked about. Duane was obviously enthralled, both by the work itself and the fascinating cultures and people Harvey had come to know. Duane began to realize that America was only one small part of a varied and exciting world.

Harvey told me in some states you could take an exam and get a high school diploma without ever going to school. My grandmother checked into this but it wasn't possible there. You could do it in New York state, Harvey said, so I told my grandmother I was leaving. She cried. She's this really beautiful old lady. White hair she always keeps neat even though it's getting thin now, and she wears these pretty blue and white dresses and she keeps her house neat as a pin. She said, “Don't leave. Stay here and go to school. You're the only family I have left.” But I told her I had to get my act together in my own way. I said I'd call her collect every so often. I'd keep an eye on her. And I will. She gets sick and I'll be *there!*

So anyway I went to upstate New York and hung around a few cities until on one hustling block I found out that a lot of the local high school teachers were taking the kids out. It was May, good weather. I'd sit on the grass or lean against the trees outside the school, and one day Bob Bryan

stopped and talked to me. He came right out with “You're not from around here, are you?” I said he was right. He said, “You want to earn a little money?” I told him I could always use money I'd earned honestly. He blinked at that. He wondered if money earned by sex was honest, but then he asked me what I did and I told him most anything. So we went to his home and had this really nice sex together. He paid me \$20. I didn't say anything then, but the next afternoon when I went back to his house I brought along \$20 worth of books for him, 'cause I'd snooped and seen he was a nature freak and I'd found a bookstore and bought him a couple of books on the Appalachian Mountains. He was absolutely freaked out. That's when I told him I wanted him to put me through high school that summer.

*But you weren't – aren't – even seventeen.*

I know. I'm in a hurry. I want to be in *college* when I'm seventeen. Bob has a cabin on a nice river where he spends most of his summers loafing and fishing and reading and visiting around. I told him I'd go up there with him and he'd get all the loving he wanted any time he wanted it any way he wanted it if he'd get me through the exams. So that's what we did. I studied and studied and studied. Bob gave me tests. I'd get mad and go out and slam the porch door and take the canoe out and go swimming and come back a half hour later and start in again.

*And at night?*

Yeah... you know. Sometimes we didn't wait until night. Bob was reading this book *Totempole* where the Japs had a way of doing it where the guy'd get it in and move it just enough to keep himself on the edge and not come – and do this hour after hour. He kept trying it on me.

*Did it work?*

For me, sure. But for him... maybe Americans don't have the patience Japs do.

*He'd loose control?*

Yeah. First time anyhow he never made it last more than fifteen minutes.

*How old his he?*

Late twenties.

*That's not a patient age.*

One day we had this really total row. It was about trigonometric functions. He said I should memorize them and I said why, since you could derive them in a few seconds. He said I couldn't. I said I could. He said prove it, so I sat down and got two of them from the ones I knew, and I threw my book and my notebook and everything in the garbage pail and kicked the screen door open and went out, with Bob with his mouth hanging so far open, like my grandmother would say, it'd trap flies. When I got back he was off visiting but he'd picked everything out of the garbage and cleaned it up and put it on the table with a note that said, “You got twice the math brain I ever did. What am I ever going to do when I've taught you all I know?” And that night it was like we just exploded in bed.

*It couldn't have been easy on you doing all those years' work in one summer.*

Sure wasn't. Especially English. And American history. All that reading and memorizing. And of course for physics and chemistry we had no lab. For biology we had plenty of worms and crawdads and fish – that was no problem. Bob even borrowed a microscope so we could look at all the little stuff in river water. But you're right – four years in one summer – even if Bob was a terrific teacher and he claimed he was doing it like the Greeks did.

*The Greeks? The ancient Greeks?*

I guess so. Socrates and Alexander the Great. A kid learned from the cock of his lover and teacher. Sperm was sacred stuff. It was crammed full of knowledge. If a kid swallowed it, or

took it up his ass...

*I think Bob was romanticizing a bit.*

Well, anyhow, that's what he said. And, well, it worked, didn't it? I got my diploma.

I had the feeling that one of the things Duane had been doing all these years, although he may not have been aware of it, was assembling a family scattered about the U.S. He had a grandmother in the Ozarks, Dieter and Ned in Florida, Denny and his father in Chicago, Bob in upstate New York, and me. And he kept in touch with all of us, in his own fashion. Dieter and Ned had had a relationship anniversary party when Duane was staying with them: on that date every year thereafter he sent them a card. He frequently called his grandmother and told her she should get rid of her tenants. "They're nothing more than bums," he said one day. "They are not," she replied. "They're nice old men and they need looking after." "You're the one who needs looking after," he said. "Oh, I can look after myself. If anyone's going to look after me it's going to be you." "And I will someday," Duane swore.

Duane tended to be bossy with the people he decided were important in his life. He could be irritatingly sure of himself. He lectured Bob on how he was being exploited at his school and warned me at great length about a business deal I was going into which he predicted would turn sour. (It did, but because of some cautionary steps I'd taken, perhaps partly in response to Duane's hectoring, I only lost time, no money.)

He was making his way slowly to California where he planned on matriculating at the beginning of the winter term in as good a college as would have him. He would stay with me for a few months getting a head start on calculus and analytic geometry – and would I please help him in English so he could write a decent theme?

There isn't much more to tell about Duane, except that if the late 20<sup>th</sup> Century ever needed an example of the Horatio Alger kid it would make no mistake in choosing him. One never would have suspected it listening to him talk when he was twelve, but Duane was born with a really superior intelligence, and the ability, well developed even at a very young age, to reduce his personal continuum to total focus whenever he was motivated to accomplish something. He was certainly not lazy.

After a half year at a junior college in the Los Angeles area, he moved on to one of the major universities and four years later graduated with a degree in civil engineering. Since then he has married, has three children (including one son who is every bit as handsome as he was as a boy). He has worked all over the world, and takes his family with him. He has built roads in Malaysia, dams in southern India, bridges in Central America and more roads in Brazil. He designs, bosses crews, even operates bulldozers and supervises blastings when necessary. He seems to have found the kind of life he always longed for: adventure and change of scenery but with a family beside him.

## *Davy*

My acquaintance with Davy started when he was thirteen and continued until he was nearly sixteen. By then he had grown into a big boy, rangy, good-looking and friendly. He also became a remarkably articulate teenager, and, once physical intimacy had been established between us, had little hesitancy in letting me record his sexual reminiscences. With a few exceptions (as noted) all tapes on which this chapter was built were made during the summer when he was fifteen-turning-sixteen, so his story, especially those parts of it dealing with his early sexual experiences, has a more retrospective quality than do the others in this book. The danger here, of course, lies in immediacy being lost – once a boy reaches late adolescence he is usually uninterested in his early sexual experiences – but Davy was never ashamed of, never repudiated, his boyhood sexual contacts and friendships – in fact he remained proud of them and valued them highly.

All of these events took place quite a few years ago, so it was not necessary to disguise as many details here. Everyone referred to has either moved away from “Smith Harbor” or is no longer alive.

This village, where Davy passed his boyhood, lies on northern Lake Michigan. It is a town of about five thousand souls. Davy's father had been posted there to manage the local chain grocery store. Davy was then seven, and ten years later, as Davy was about to enter college, the family moved once again, this time to a large city in a distant state, when his father was promoted.

*What is the earliest sexual thing you can remember?*

I suppose whacking off. I don't honestly know when I began. I must have been very, very young. It just seems to me I've always done it. For a long time I didn't know any other kids got a good feeling when they rubbed their pee-pees, but then (I guess I was in about the second grade) I got into some heavy show and tell with one of my classmates. After that it just was one of those many things kids know are okay even though grown-ups get worried about so you got to hide them.

*When you say “did it”, what actually did you do – in the early days, I mean?*

Take my little cock between my thumb and first two fingers and move the skin up and down.

*Until you achieved orgasm?*

Yes. I always got orgasms.

*That show and tell – was it you did it to you and he did it to himself? You didn't touch each other's penises?*

I don't think so. That came later, I'm pretty sure... Yeah, I remember, first I saw two of the kids in my crowd doing it to each other on a picnic. They were just lying there in the long grass not more than ten yards from where our folks were sitting on the ground on a blanket and eating sandwiches. They were kind of wild boys. They were pulling on each other and giggling.

*You didn't join them?*

No, I don't think so. It wasn't like I was turned on or anything. Maybe I was curious. Because I'd never known about one boy doing it to another boy like that. I probably thought something like “That's crazy Bob and Jimmy for you!”

*But eventually you did learn the delights of mutual masturbation. When I first met you, you'd been around the block for two or three years anyhow.*

Around the block: you make it sound like I was the local whore!

*No, I just mean you were pretty savvy – there weren't many boys in the neighborhood of your age who knew more than you did. About sexual things.*

I can't even remember the first kid I jerked off with. I must have been nine or ten. It seemed for a while that whenever you were with other boys and no grown-ups were around you'd pull out your little thing and let the other little boys have a look.

*And a feel?*

And a feel – later, like I said.

*Tell me about your family. You must have crept into bed with some of them, felt that they had cocks, too.*

When I was a real little kid I'd sometimes crawl into Mom and Dad's bed when I was scared, and then later I'd do the same thing with Hal. Bad dreams, or I'd be sad, or there were scary shadows or something. Hal always let me in, and if he didn't wake up, I'd shove my butt up against his hip and he'd sort of automatically turn over and hug me from behind and put an arm around my chest.

*You said you never made out with Hal?*

No. Never. One time when I was ten or so he walked in on me when I was lying in the tub after the water had drained out playing with a cake of soap and my cock, and he sat down on the toilet and told me all about masturbation, how you should do it as much as you want and enjoy it but keep it private from other people. He's a really good big brother. He even laughs at my jokes when I clown around, which most older boys wouldn't be caught dead doing. And one day when I was having trouble pitching a baseball he told his friends he was going to spend the afternoon helping me out. He's that kind of a brother. Maybe it's because he's six years older than me and we don't compete.

*Were there any special boys you got it on with more than any others? Or that you liked doing it with more?*

I suppose Rolly.

*He was the first?*

No, I remember now, Foster was the first. He got me in the showers at school.

*An older boy?*

No, a younger boy, a little shrimp a couple of inches shorter than me. We were soaping down and he just reached over and started soaping my cock for me. Like it was the most natural thing in the world.

*And it felt nice, eh?*

Of course it felt nice! Getting your cock soaped always feels nice. I remember he had good hands. He gave me a boner and an orgasm. That was the first time.

*But not the last.*

Definitely not the last. It's always just a little nicer to get jerked off than to jerk off yourself, unless the other guy's a real slob. But for a long time that's all we did – just with your hands. You have to get a little older before you appreciate other techniques. And that's all, for a while anyhow, I ever did with Rolly.

*Why was Rolly special?*

We palled around a lot then. Rolly's left town, now. He was a good friend. We both liked



football. We'd practice passing, and kicking, for hours. Rolly lived on a farm just outside town. There was a big pasture where we'd do it.

*Sex?*

No! Playing football! For sex we'd climb up into his barn. You heard about rolling in the hay? We were doing it when we were only ten.

*Fucking?*

No! Get your mind off that!

*I'm trying to learn about your early sexual life.*

Okay, we'd go up into the hay loft when we wanted to take a break from football and, shooting the shit, we'd just start doing it. With our hands. We never did more than with our hands.

*To him and him to you?*

Yes.

*Did he come? Did you come?*

We both got the dry clicks. It was a nice, warm, friendly thing to do. We knew grown-ups wouldn't approve, but that didn't matter much as long as they didn't find out. When I jerked off alone I always thought about girls, not about Rolly. But there was one kid where it was a little more serious.

*J. B.?*

Yeah.

*Talk about J. B. – for the tape record.*

J. B. was a couple of years older than me. He was from another town but he visited an uncle on one of the farms near us that summer. I suppose I was 11 – maybe 12 – and he was 13 or 14. Anyhow, he started paying a lot of attention to me. I got invited out to his farm, got showed around it by him and his cousin. Then he started doing knife tricks, down by the creek that ran beside his farm. He could throw a knife pretty good. He said he'd teach me, but pretty soon he was sort of rubbing up against me, I don't know, holding me closer than he really had to. Then he said, "I bet you got a pretty good little jack-knife inside there." – *there* being the crotch of my Levis. And about then I had to pee anyhow, so I took it out and let him see it when I peed in the creek. Then I teased him: "Come on: I showed you mine, you gotta show me yours." Well, he had a hell of a time getting it out because – yeah, that's right! – it was stiff.

*And that was a new experience?*

Because it seemed to me it was a whopper! He was already damned near full-grown down there. Six inches anyhow. And hair poking around the sides. He couldn't pee, of course – if he had it'd have hit him in the nose! So he said he'd let me see the other stuff come out.

*You knew about sperm by then?*

Knew about it but never seen it. He told me there'd be more of it quicker if *I* stroked it rather 'n him. So, well, I was used to doing it to little cocks – no big deal – to Rolly. This was just a hand-full rather than a little pinch!

*Did you do it okay?*

He got off on it. He said, "Wait, let me roll up my shirt." Because by now he was lying on the grass and I was hunkering down beside him.

*He didn't shove his pants down?*

Nope. Just his fly was open, with his cock sticking out through it. Underneath it was his belt buckle. I was more curious than anything. I wrapped my hand around his boner and started feeling

it all over. The little jerks started going through his body. He said things like, “Jesus, Davy, what are you doing? You trying to kill me?” – like he'd gone off into some movie fantasy or something. And he kept looking at me with this sappy expression, like he wanted to eat me up.

*That was the first time in your life, probably, you'd experienced some other person really, thoroughly turning on to you.*

Sure was. But I thought it was sort of like a little kid story telling. I didn't pay it much attention. I just fooled around with his prick. I'd tickle its tip, then rub the whole shaft hard for a second or two, then tease it some more. He said, sort of ashamed, “It'd be better if you made it wet,” I stuck my hand in the river, and he said, “That's not what I meant.” I'd never heard of doing it slippery. Then he said, “Okay – don't stop – I'm going to come.” I knew about *that* all right, 'cause I knew already it would kill you to quit rubbing just before your orgasm. That's what we sometimes did to a kid to tease him, or get even with him: we'd hold him down and one kid would pull on his boner and another would press his ear over the kid's heart. And just before the victim was about to come the guy with his ear over the kid's heart would shout 'Stop!' If you timed it just right you could stop right in the *middle* of an orgasm! It would *ruin* a guy! And then when he did come off we'd keep on rubbing, especially the kid's cock-tip to give him that awful tickle!

*You guys were mean!*

Little kids always are.

*Back to J. B.*

He jerked and gasped, and sperm *sprayed* out of his piss slit! I remember thinking it squirted out almost as hard as piss, except, of course, it came in jets. I also remember being disappointed it was so little. I'd expected something like a bladder-full! He cleaned up his chest with a handkerchief and then washed out his handkerchief in the creek. And he gave me his knife!

*But you saw him more after that.*

I couldn't avoid him. One day we took our bicycles way up to Grass Lake – you can only get there by trails. There wasn't anybody around. We skinny-dipped, then play-wrestled on the grassy shore and he boned up. Then he said, “Davy, would you do something real nice for me?” I asked what it was. He said, “Let me put it between your legs.” I didn't know, but I sort of did, too, what he meant. I even guessed I should make my legs tight. I didn't mind. I didn't even mind the spit – that he used to make it slippery. When he finished my cock was standing up. He said, “Did you come?” I shook my head. He said, “Let me catch my breath and I'll do you in a great new way.” I said, “I want to swim and get rid of all the slime.”

*You didn't like his sperm on you?*

Well, there was saliva, too – I don't know – maybe I was squeamish – I think it was just that you always washed sticky and slippery stuff off of you – and swimming always felt good. So we both splashed around for a while – Grass Lake isn't very deep. When we climbed out he said, “Lie down. Get comfortable.” He made a pillow of our clothes and put it under my head, and then he went down on me.

*Surprised?*

Well, I knew something real special was going to happen, but I'd never heard – seriously, I mean – of one boy putting the cock of another boy in his mouth.

*But you liked it?*

At first... I don't know. Well, it was warm. My skin, including my penis, was cool, from the lake. And his mouth was warm. And slippery inside. That was the first thing I noticed, how warm and slippery it was in there. And then I had a whole slew of thoughts. First: I wouldn't

want to do to J. B. – or anyone else – what J. B. was doing to me: it was disgusting – penises were dirty things. But then mine had just come out of the lake so it couldn't be too gross providing I didn't piss. I also thought this was something you'd only do if the other guy was someone you really liked a whole lot – J. B. really liked me a whole lot.

*You weren't about it stop it?*

I knew J. B. wasn't going to do anything that would hurt me. It never occurred to me he'd bite, for example. I'd heard “cock-sucker!” as a cuss- word, and that disturbed me a little, but then he was the guy doing it, not me. I just let it go on. I suppose I was more curious at first than anything. Then this nice warm feeling started. Yeah, I just lay back there and let him do it.

*And you came.*

A couple of times, as I remember.

*Then you and J. B. were really pals!*

For the rest of the summer we got together quite a few times. He'd fuck me between the legs and then suck me off – sometimes he'd suck me off first, then fuck me between the legs and then suck me off for a second orgasm.

*Did you ever do it in bed?*

No.

*Always in the out-of-doors?*

Sometimes in his barn, if it was raining, but, yeah, usually out in the fields somewhere, or in the woods. There's lots of places a couple of boys can go to get lost in. That's no problem. About an hour's walk from our village there's a ruin – I mean the foundations of a farmhouse – and it's all jungled over with lilacs. I went there one day with my friend Darcy – I think we were packing lunches – and we sat down under those bushes that were all in flower – the smell was so sweet it gave us both hard-ons. So we wrestled around a little and then we decided to jerk off. I pulled on his boner and he pulled on my boner, at first at the same time, and then I brought him off and then he brought me off. That was three, four years ago, but I go back there at least once every spring when the lilacs are doing their thing, just to jerk off and remember the fun Darcy and I had.

*Do you still jerk off with Darcy?*

No, of course not, but we talk about it every so often.

A year later, Davy attracted a teacher at his junior high school. He told me about it in an early taping, when he was still only thirteen.

One day Mr. Kearney asked me to drop by at his home, there was a math test he wanted to go over with me. Well, I suspected something was up. I was always pretty good at math – at least compared with most of the girls in our class, and Mr. Kearney wasn't asking *them* to come to his home to go over their tests. And he'd been looking at me... well like this older boy I'd known [J. B. – J.W.]. So I thought 'This is going to be interesting.' When I showed up he sat me down on the couch and him beside me and leaned against me, talking about the problems, and I cracked a boner, which he saw, and he asked me if I wanted him to take care of it for me. That first time I figured if I said no he'd flunk me – besides... well, it was exciting – so I sort of said I didn't know, but I didn't do anything when he unzipped me and hauled out my pecker and jerked me off.

*You didn't do anything but feel nice!*

Well... I guess so. It was weird, him being a teacher and all. I'd never done anything with a man. And you know what he said after I'd come? “Now you can get your mind back to factoring.”

The next time, though, school work was only an excuse for the other.

*There's been lots of next times, haven't there?* Yeah. But, well, he's boring. It's more fun here.

*Thanks, Davy.*

I mean it. We can talk. All he wants to do is beat me off. The other day he told me, "You're turning into a good student – let's not waste time talking about math." You and I, we talk, and you never tell me it's wasting your time. So I only do it about every couple of weeks. I'm not the only kid that comes there and leaves his sperm behind, either.

*Oh? How do you know?*

You can tell by the bikes. I know all the kids' bikes. I *walk* there, but some of the others, especially the littler kids, aren't so careful. So I know who's going in there and going out.

When Davy was fourteen he had his first brush with death and bereavement.

I'd had Spot since I was four. He was *my* dog. We grew up together. When I got home from school I could count on Spot waiting for me at the gate. When I went fishing Spot went fishing, and the same when I went swimming in the quarry, or sledding in the winter. And then when he was old he got cancer, first these lumps on his chest, then he got skinny, and finally I had to do what the vet had been telling me to do for the last half year. One afternoon I found him in the garage and he couldn't get up. His front end got up but not his rear. So I said, "Come on, old fella, I guess it's time to stop all this." I picked him up as gently as I could, because I didn't know where he hurt, and put him in my bicycle basket and took him to the vet, and I held his head and said goodbye to him as they did it, and I looked him in the eye and he looked me in the eye and, Jesus, I felt like a murderer, with his eyes full of pain and trust.

Anyway, when I got out of there I went to the park and sat on the grass and just bawled. Spot was the only body I'd ever lost. There was this deep hole in me. Then I felt a hand on my shoulder, and it was Ty.

*That was the first time you'd met?*

I knew who he was, of course, but, yeah, I suppose it was the first time I'd really met him. The first time we'd said more than Hello to each other. His print shop's right across the road from the vet, and Ty'd seen me come in with Spot and leave without him, pretty upset, so he closed his shop and asked across the street what had been going on. When he got found out he tracked me down.

*Pretty nice for a guy you hardly knew.*

He's that sort of man. Besides, I didn't know it then, but he'd been watching me... you know...

*Turning on to you?*

Yeah, but I didn't know it then. So, anyway, he tried to comfort me, said I'd done the right thing. He went over those good arguments I'd been living with for the last couple of months, which didn't help. He said, "Do you believe in heaven?" I told him I didn't know. He said, "I'll bet he's in heaven waiting for you right now." I told him he wouldn't find me – I was down here, and besides he'd be too sick to look. And then Ty said the nicest thing: "You know, heaven goes on for an awful long time, so waiting for you to join him will probably go by pretty quick. And he won't be old and sick when you see him. He'll be young and full of fun, and you'll probably be a boy, too, at least part of the time." That was the *nicest* thing anybody'd ever said to me. It helped. It really did. He said he'd bet I'd dream about Spot, and maybe that was so I'd know he was all right. Well, I didn't really believe in magic and religion and all, and neither did Ty, but it was a

nice day-dream. He said, "Come home with me. We got to clean your face." 'Cause I guess I'd got it pretty smeared up, bawling my heart out, with tears and dirt.

*And that's when the sex began?*

Oh, no, not that afternoon. That came quite a bit later.

*He was no speedy Gonzalez?*

At first he was just a friend. He lived right off the end of my paper route, so I started dropping by, once I got him trained on what I liked to eat.

*Got him trained?*

Chocolate milk and cinnamon doughnuts. Mom wouldn't get us doughnuts because she said they were bad for your gut. But I'd go ape over doughnuts, especially cinnamon doughnuts. One day Ty asked me what my favorites were and I told him, so he always kept some in the fridge for me. Sometimes Mom smelled cinnamon on me and wondered, but I never told.

*She knew you had a friend in Ty?*

After a while, real well. I guess it was about the second or third month I'd been visiting him, when I started feeling really comfortable – at home – there, that I noticed through the open door to his bedroom this color picture of a boy, bareass, bending over, so you saw the kid's butt not his front stuff. Ty was in the kitchen. I went in to look at the picture up close, to see if there were all those little colored dots they use when they print something. Ty asked me if I liked it, and then, because of Mr. Kearney, I asked him if he ever screwed around with boys.

*That must have surprised him.*

It sure did! I thought he was going to have a heart attack, or throw me out, or both. I was so dumb I didn't know it was a dangerous question. Oh, sure, I knew it was something you weren't *supposed* to do – like jacking off – but I didn't know yet a man could go to jail for it. I tried to make things better by saying there was nothing wrong with doing things with kids that gave their permission, but he didn't answer. I wolfed down the rest of my milk and doughnut and left. And that was about the end of it. The next day I didn't come back. I stayed away a week. Then one afternoon I was biking back this long driveway from one of the houses on my route, and there was Ty in his pick-up truck waiting for me. I could see he was upset. We drove out to the country and sat down beside Cedar Creek and talked it out.

*Because you knew plenty, already, from Mr. Kearney?*

Plenty – sure, some. With Mr. Kearney it was just hand jobs – me to him and him to me. And blow-jobs from J. B. That's all I really knew. Mr. Kearney had this whole thing going that if there weren't any girls or women around, then it was up to guys to help each other out. It wasn't perverty-sicko or anything, what we did! And by then, when we put Spot away and I met Ty, I don't know, it was winding down with Mr. Kearney. Maybe I was getting too old for him. When we'd started I was already wet, but I still had a pretty little dick. I think he was more into dry little dicks than fat ones that spit all over his fingers. He never liked my sperm on him. He always wiped his hand off real quick. But I never minded his on me – as long as it wasn't my clothes. I thought it was pretty impressive, in fact. And about then I was going through one of my growing spurts. My growing spurts always pissed off Mom, because I had no younger brother she could hand my clothes down to. She'd say, "Davy, those Levis aren't half broken in yet, and they're already way up above your ankles." "Gee, Mom, I can't help *growing!*" So maybe I didn't fit Mr. Kearney's picture of a boy any more. And I was beginning to find it kind of boring. I used to ask him after class, when I was thinking about what he did hot and heavy, "Uh, Mr. K., I got a problem in geometry. If I drop by this afternoon, could you help me out with it?" Now I wasn't asking him,

and he wasn't inviting me so often either. I guess by then I was kind of looking for somebody like Ty. Maybe, too, somebody who'd do what J. B. had done to me.

*What kind of sex did you do with Ty?*

I don't know: most everything you and I do. Hand jobs, rub-off jobs, lots of blow jobs. The funny thing is, I was his first boy.

*Really?*

I mean it. When we started making out I knew more than he did. I was his teacher! He'd been married for twenty years, had a couple of kids somewhere with his ex-wife. He'd been fighting liking boys all his life.

*He told you that out there on Cedar Creek?*

He told me he'd never fooled around with a boy. I said it's no big deal – it's nice – it feels nice – and you feel so nice afterwards. He told me he thought about me all the time – “in a sexual way”. The last week for him he said had been hell.

*So you took him back to his home and put him out of his misery?*

We went back into the cedars, where we would be pretty well hidden by all these downed trees, and then we lay down on the ground and I had to start the ball rolling.

*The balling rolling!*

I had to get his shirt off, and then my shirt, and unzip him before he'd lower his city pants. He told me later he was just in a daze – he was sure he'd wake up and find out it was just another one of those dreams!

*Didn't that make you feel kind of funny?*

No. And that's because I absolutely trusted him. It was like I was doing it with another kid who was shy.

*You were pretty well developed by then?*

Pretty well. About average in our class. Nothing like now. But I did have hair.

*And he liked the sight?*

I guess so! He was actually shaking by the time I got my cut-offs dropped. I had to take his hand and put it on my cock.

*And that's how you first made love.*

Yeah. Pretty simple, really.

*Disappointing?*

Well... When you like a guy, the first time you gotta make allowances, don't you?

*What did you like about him? Particularly?*

Uh, he cared about you. He made you feel like you meant something to him. Now how many grown-ups make you feel that way? Most grown-ups are just polite, or they're yelling at you, or they're using you to haul something on your bike, or paying you a few cents an hour to do miserable work. But Ty was different. Like, right from the beginning he listened to everything I said. I could see when I came into his home he'd sort of light up. He'd say, “Davy, your visits make my whole day.” And he'd mean it.

*It's not like he was a handsome jock. He was a middle-age man...*

...with a paunch, I know. But that doesn't matter, not with a man. I'd never think about making out with a middle-age woman. When I jerk off I think about girls, real neat-looking girls, never about women with gray hair and all.

*Wouldn't making out have been nicer with a good-looking kid your age or maybe a little older?*

Sure. Well... a kid my own age? Well, I'd pulled a lot of pecker with the boys in my class at school, but, I don't know, you didn't learn anything, it didn't make you close. No, I don't think I'd have traded Ty for any of my friends.

*Maybe an older boy, like a senior in the high school?*

Ty knew so much. I could ask him just about anything and if he didn't know it he'd look it up.

*And that made sucking his cock a lot nicer?*

We didn't do that for a real long time. At first we just jerked off, and then we kind of did it on top of one another. That happened the first time when we were play fighting around on his living room floor. I was teasing him, pretending to beat him up, and he let me. And my cock could feel his. So that gave me an idea. When we went up to his bedroom I jumped on top of him, and now we were naked against each other and it felt real, real good. I stared down into his face and I blew in his face, and he reached up and touched *my* face, and then I snuggled my arms underneath his back and started squeezing him, as a kind of tease, and he was running his other hand up and down my back, feeling my butt – it was the first time we'd ever been that intimate. And then I got this idea of the handsome guy in the movies where he kisses the girl, so I just did it. And it gave him such a thrill he ejaculated, like right now, lying under me!

*You really were taking the initiative, weren't you?*

Yeah, in the beginning. Later sometimes he did, sometimes I did. Actually, with him I think I liked it best when he made love to me. It's great to lie there and have somebody do all these nice things to you. But I always tried to give as good as I got.

That summer Davy's parents won a vacation bus tour of the Northern Rockies at a Lions Club convention raffle. The only problem they had was what to do with the children – or rather what to do with Davy, since his older brother Hal had moved into a flat in town with some of his friends and wouldn't easily volunteer to baby-sit his little brother, and his sister Grace could easily be farmed out to an aunt in the country. It was then that Ty came out of the woodwork, so to speak.

Ty's print shop had a major client who usually spent August on his nicely-equipped inboard motor fishing launch, but this summer he had to go into the hospital for a coronary by-pass operation. The boat was free; it was offered to Ty for the month of August, and Ty, in turn, offered to take David with him.

That trip, that month, passed in the lovely waters of northern Lake Huron – the “North Channel” area – was the high point of David's boyhood. In later years, as he recalled it, it took on a kind of magical radiance. He dreamed of going back to the North Channel. He poured over maps of the area: road maps, topographic sheets, navigational charts. He even sent away for the geologic maps. In my taping of conversations with him he returned to that expedition time and time again, so the description which follows is a composite of several recordings.

We started at dawn. I was up before dawn, pacing back and forth in my room, counting and recounting everything I had to carry in my backpack. Mom crept out of her bedroom and told me to go downstairs and sit in one of the chairs and not wake up everyone in the house. I went downstairs all right, but I just couldn't sit still. I was too excited. I sat there jiggling my foot, then getting up again and cracking my knuckles – that drives Mom nuts. She made me a bowl of oatmeal and covered it with banana slices and raisins and gave me a glass of milk, and then she kissed me good-bye and pushed me out onto the porch (which had a concrete floor to pace on) to wait for Ty. With every car – there aren't that many at four o'clock in the morning in August – my heart would jump into my mouth. I'd swing on my backpack – and it'd be somebody else.

Well, finally he did come, in his pick-up. There wasn't much in it because we'd loaded the boat the night before. We drove to the harbor, and just then the east was beginning to get a little gray. Everything was so still, so cool and moist and neat-smelling! There were practically no lights in the windows of the shop buildings that backed onto the harbor. It was like the town was abandoned, or it was there just for us. I almost cried because it was so beautiful and exciting. We cast off and motored out through the breakwater piers with their red and green lights, heading, it seemed, right for Venus. The lake was completely calm. The sky was completely clear. Man, I thought I just had to be the luckiest boy in the whole goddamned world right then!

There were patches of lake fog lying around. One moment you'd be able to see a thousand miles and the next you were wrapped up in chilly damp cotton. It was easy steering the boat outside of the fog, but in it I S-curved all over the place chasing the compass. Ty said, "Quit it, you're making me seasick." That night we were anchored in the harbor at Mackinaw Island.

That was the first time I'd spent a night with Ty. I'd been thinking about it all day, in and out of the fog. I'd be sitting there steering the boat and Ty would come up behind me and drop his chin on the top of my head and put his arm around my chest and I'd have a boner in two seconds flat. Because you anticipate such a lot – and you're a little scared, too. Would Ty maybe not find me such a good guy to have in his bed? We were used to each other in sex but not in sleeping together. Would he snore and keep me awake all night? Would I stink out of my mouth, or fart under the covers when I was asleep and gas him out? Or he me?

*You weren't used to sleeping with another person?*

Well, just with Mom and Dad, when I was real little, and sometimes, later, with Hal. Never with someone I was making out with.

*What kind of sleeping accommodations did the boat have?*

One big wide bed in the bow. You could also make bunks out of the seats in the main cabin, but we never did that.

*Because things went so well?*

They sure did.

*No problems in sleeping together?*

Nothing major. Ty did snore, sometimes, just a little. He told me if I woke up and he was snoring to just roll him over, which I did, although sometimes, if I was in the mood or feeling bratty I'd pull on his cock instead. And at first, like I said, I kept worrying about smells coming out all my holes and pits. But finally – I guess it was about five days out – he told me my breath always smelled real good to him, even in the morning, even when it was strong, and he didn't mind farts – they went away quick enough, and neither of us got much of a chance to work up any B.O. because we spent an awful lot of our time in the water. So pretty soon I felt really laid back about all of that. Making out was wonderful, to be able to do it any time of day both of you wanted to, sometimes on the deck, sometimes in the cabin.

*Did you both have about the same tempo?*

We were on the same boat so how *couldn't* we?

*I mean in love-making. After all, Ty was, what, fifty-five?*

No, he didn't sperm as much as I did, but he said he didn't have to come every time we got it on. And then there was an awful lot of just playing, half serious. Like he'd be pulling on my thing when I was steering, or we'd just climbed out from a skinny-dip in one of the deserted harbors and we'd be lying talking on the deck with our hands on each other's cocks, or we'd be sitting bare-ass at the dining table below and I'd put my bare foot on his cock and wiggle my toes on it, that sort of



thing. It went on just about all the time.

*Your cock was up more than it was down?*

We were always wiping up my sperm from the darndest places on the boat. So half the time at night we just cuddled and talked and slept.

*That first night, too?*

In Mackinaw? No. I was so wound up, and he was, too, we went at it tooth and nail.

*All night?*

Well... It was a sort of record day. We went ashore to the island and bought fudge and had a Coho Salmon dinner. We'd made out once before that, properly, right after we got the anchor down. And I that night, after we got back from town, I think we had three rounds: once before we went off to sleep, once in the middle of the night, and one quickie in the morning – quick because we both had to pee and it was always so cold outside the covers! That was the one un-nice thing about the boat – leaving the warm bed in the morning because you were hungry or had things to do or had to pee.

There was this little island group where we spent about a week. That's here in this picture. That's me with the muskie.

*That fish?*

Yeah, muskie, muskelunge. I fought him for almost an hour. Ty wouldn't help me. We worked the fish over to a sandy beach, where he couldn't get under a sunken log and break the line, and slowly pulled him up on shore.

*He's half as big as you were.*

And the blueberries. They were all over the place, spilling off the ledges practically into your bucket. I look kind of dopey here because my face was all smeared up with blueberries and Ty sneaked this shot of me. I got blueberry stains on that T-shirt that still won't come out.

*Did you eat the fish?*

Yeah, most of it, then another boat came into the harbor and Ty gave some of the steaks to them. We lived off fish. The refrigerator ran off the motor generator so when we were just anchored in some wild harbor we couldn't keep anything cold. So no meat, no chicken, no fresh vegetables except onions and potatoes. I didn't miss fresh milk because powdered milk's okay if you mix cocoa powder with it. But, yeah, we lived like kings on fresh fish. In one stream we tried river muscles, but they didn't taste very good.

*Did you always eat on the boat?*

If the weather was good we'd take the dinghy ashore and cook out. Fish grilled over a hardwood fire is pretty terrific, especially since Ty knew how to make all these different sauces. We'd wrap the potatoes in aluminum foil and put them in the coals and then open them up and pour this super sauce in them. And then afterwards we'd pile all the dirty dishes in the picnic hamper and just lie out on the rocks, with my head on Ty's shoulder and talking real quiet to one another, me telling absolutely everything, staring up at the stars or the moon or the clouds, digesting our big meal.

Davy's relationship with Ty was abruptly terminated the following winter. On a trip to Chicago, Ty made sexual advances to a teenage junky under the control of one of Chicago's vice-squad policemen. Although no sexual acts had taken place, Ty was arrested, the boy obediently stating in his deposition that Ty had offered him money. Ty was too inexperienced to realize that the policeman was probably only angling for a pay-off. He pleaded guilty to “importuning” and was sent to prison.

At Smith Harbor the matter was hushed up. This was before the current wave of “child abuse” hysteria, and the brief trial wasn't even carried in the Chicago newspapers. All of Ty's friends, however, knew what had happened.

Davy described the effect on him of Ty's arrest and imprisonment as his great disillusionment with society. Before that happened he had been a conventionally trusting, reasonably patriotic youth. With the kind of emotional swing sensitive adolescents can make, he turned violently against the social order. He quarreled with his parents, sneaked out of his home at night to scratch PIG on the car of the local policeman (who happened to be a friend of his father's). He deliberately flunked a course at school taught by a woman who made some rather conservative remarks about sex and marriage. Although a good athlete, he dropped out of the middle school basketball team and refused to go out for baseball in the spring. Despite all of this, however, and the general knowledge that he had been a close friend of Ty's (which he never denied), he continued to be a well-liked boy as long as the family stayed in Smith Harbor.

The following summer, unbeknownst to his family, Davy visited Ty at his prison. Ty told him he was not going to return to Smith Harbor, and they had a literally tearful parting. That was the last time the two of them ever met.

Davy now lives in a very different part of America. He works for a small manufacturing company and is the executive chairman of the local chapter of a national environmental organization. “At least let's not screw up any worse the one good thing we have: our lovely countryside,” he wrote me recently. He is still determinedly anti-political – he even refuses to vote, reasoning that any vote he cast would imply approval of “the System” and the people who run it. He is married and has two children.

## *Jean-Michel*

Hiawatha Lodge was made up of one central 3-story house inhabited by the Roule family, the owners, and several log cabins spaced along the shore of a wooded lake not far from the US-Canadian boundary. It was impossible to drive directly to it. One parked one's car at the foot of the lake and rang for the Hiawatha launch, the only powered craft permitted by the Forest Service to ply these protected waters. The lodge was open from May through the end of the hunting season in the fall.

I vacationed there several summers, becoming in time what the Roules called a “family” guest. One reason I chose the lodge was my love of the north woods and the opportunity to camp and canoe in it. Matt Roule and his wife were relaxed hosts and enthusiastic naturalists.

Matt had been a bombardier during World War Two. His plane had been shot down over France. He had parachuted to safety with a badly shot-up leg and was housed, hidden and nursed back to reasonable fitness by a prosperous and defiant Alsatian farmer. It was for this man that Matt's only child, born many years later, his son Jean-Michel, had been named, and Jean-Michel was my other reason for returning to Hiawatha Lodge summer after summer.

On my first visit Jean-Michel had just turned thirteen, a dark haired, blue-eyed boy of striking good looks and cheerful demeanor. He had a little business going for himself digging up worms and selling them, along with minnows from his traps in the lake and live frogs he'd caught in the marshes, to the lodge's fisherman guests. He was a very popular little fellow, and I soon discovered an additional reason why this might be so, at least with some men, when, less than a week after my arrival, he showed up in my cabin and, after some small talk, said, “Sir, you aren't married, are you?” When I admitted I wasn't, he asked, “Doesn't that get kind of boring?” I was aware, now, that he was carefully checking me out. “Sometimes,” I admitted. “Well,” he said, “us men have always got our right hands, right?” I was considering how to respond to that when he went on: “You know, a boy's hand can sometimes feel better than your own.”

Jean-Michel was a trusting boy when his rather good social instincts told him someone merited that trust. He agreed to let me interview him about what had already been a rather full sexual life, and from then on, summer by summer, I continued to tape his candid sexual autobiography, usually on over-night canoe trips we made alone together, camped beside streams and lakes. This continued until he got a full-time job in the Fisheries Department of a western state.

He was fourteen when he told me about his first sexual contact:

It was Touhey that got me. Before that I knew *nothing!* Touhey was sometimes baby sitting me when Mom and Dad were busy. He was sort of a carpenter-fix-it man. He could repair a canoe but nobody ever saw him paddle one. I don't know *what* he was doing up here in the bush. Anyhow, one day he just took me up to his little room and pulled down my pants and started the good old diddly-dee.

*What'd you think of that?*

I don't remember thinking anything. He said, “You're gettin' a bone.” I thought, 'Of course I'm

gettin' a bone!' After a while he stopped and told me to pull up my pants. I asked him why he'd done what he'd done, but he wouldn't answer.

*Was he masturbating himself, too?*

No.

*Not even though his pants?*

Maybe. I don't know. I think if he'd had his cock out I'd remember.

*Do you remember how it felt – when he was jerking you off?*

Uh... no. Not then specifically.

*There were more times?*

I'll say! It went on for two summers. That was the summer I turned eight. He was back the next year.

*Was that all he did – masturbate you?*

He gave me sour balls.

*Huh?*

Lemon flavored. They were my favorite. Every time I went up there with him he'd give me a sour ball. Even now sometimes when somebody's playing with my dick I can taste those sour balls.

*And when you have a sour ball in your mouth now, do you get horny?*

Hell, Joe, I'm horny all the time – I don't need sour balls for that! He had this glass jar of them on his dresser. He'd take one out and give it to me and I'd pop it in my mouth and then lie on his bed and shove my pants down. Pretty soon he started lying there beside me with *his* pants down, and I had to play with his cock, and I remember at first it seemed like a fire hose – it was thicker around than my wrists. He showed me what he liked me to do with it. He showed me how to wrap my hand around it, where the fingers should go, and the palm of my hand, and the thumb, and how to pull the loose skin up and down so the purple tip went in and out of the loose skin. He was real particular about how far the tip would go in and out. “Hold it tighter,” he'd say. “I'm getting you nice – don't go loose on me now!” But nobody ever came.

*You mean, nobody ever walked in on you?*

No – well, that, too – I mean he didn't come and I didn't come. Of course I was pretty young – I hadn't had my first orgasm even – but I never saw any sperm squirt out of his cock either. He'd just pull on me for a while and I'd pull on his, and then he'd stop my hand and get up and go to the bathroom, and then he'd come out and we'd get dressed. I figured at the time he went in there to piss, but now I know he was bringing himself off. I guess he didn't want to do it all over him and me and make a mess, He was a weirdo.

*You didn't like him much?*

Oh, he was OK – sort of neutral. I must have let something slip one day because all of a sudden he was gone. So I asked Mom why he'd left and she said, “You better ask your dad.” So I asked Dad – he was in the supply cabin – and he said, “Sit down, Son. What he did some people would call stealing.” I wanted to know what he'd pinched, 'cause all I could think of were those sour balls – maybe he'd hooked them out of our stuff. But Dad looked at me sharp and said, “Other people would say it wasn't something you could steal, and I'm inclined to agree with them. But your mother felt otherwise, so I told him to pack up.” And, you know, it wasn't until *last year* I figured out what he'd been talking about!

*You could have asked me.*

I suppose. It was when I saw something in a newspaper about a priest who'd been getting it on

with his choir boys and someone said at his trial that he'd "stolen their innocence". It hit me like lightning – that's what old Touhey was supposed to have stolen – my innocence! I'd let something slip and Mom and Dad had known all this time, only they didn't choose to make a big deal out of it. Innocence! What a lot of bullshit. Oh, us kids may be innocent of starting wars and things and polluting the environment and stuff. If somebody'd stole *that* innocence from me I'd be pissed off, you better believe: But, Jeez, penis innocence – every kid in the world wants to get shunt of that, and as often as possible, and he's a better guy when it happens.

*At the end of two summers with Touhey you still didn't know about orgasm?*

No.

*You found out about it through...?*

Yeah, with Jeromy.

The Roules lived half of the year in a rather distant medium-size city, and it was there that Jean-Michel went to school. Each spring when it came time for his parents to drive north and open the lodge, Jean-Michel would move in with his uncle and aunt who lived in the same school district and had two children of their own close to Jean-Michel's age. Again, when school started in September, Jean-Michel would stay with his aunt and uncle until the lodge closed and his parents returned from the north. It was here that he had his contact with Jeromy, as he told me when he was fourteen:

Jeromy was a year, maybe two years, older, but he was in my class – maybe he'd been sick or something, or he was dumb. But what he was most famous for was he spied on girls. That spring he'd found there was a girl in the neighborhood who had her bedroom window on their back yard, which was private with trees and bushes and a big wall and stuff, so she didn't always bother to close her curtains when she took off her clothes. One night Jeromy hauled me along there. We climbed over the wall and hid in the shrubs. And it was cold, and damp, out there. But Jeromy was right. She'd stripped down to her bra and panties and was wandering around putting stuff away and standing at her record player with her back to us and sort of, you know, dancing to the music, and then she'd flop down on her bed with a magazine and her ass in the air and her feet dangling above.

Pretty soon I noticed Jeromy had his fly open and was dicking. He already had a cock twice as big as mine was. He just had it laying out in his hand – with me standing right next to him – dicking it. I whispered to him, "For cripes sake, Jeromy!" but it was like he didn't hear me. I was scared enough of getting caught; I was a whole lot more scared of getting caught with Jeromy doing *that!* I hit him on the shoulder and said, "Put that thing away." But he just mumbled, "Aren't you doin' it too?" He got more and more nervous. His eyes were glued to that girl in the bedroom. He dribbled spit down on his cock to rub it in, and then he made this sort of closed- mouth grunting, like you do when you're trying to force out a really tough turd, and his breath sort of exploded out of him in this quick, shallow panting, with his hand still wrapped around his prick but not moving any more. And I guess I was as glued on to what he was doing with himself as he was glued on to what was going on in that bedroom. Anyhow, that was the end of it for him. He flipped his penis back in his pants and said, "Let's go. It's pretty disgusting what we're doing, with her a nice girl and all." I figured if that's what you're gonna be like when you're thirteen, I never want to grow up!

*How do you mean?*

Well, like spying on girls and then getting all bent out of shape about it. I even figured, for a

while, he'd spit on his cock because he was so damned ashamed of fucking it. But that was the first time I suspected there was more to pulling on your peter than I knew. Something real intense had happened to Jeromy near the end – and there *was* an end. I'd never got an end. I just played with it in bed, thinking about pretty girls and maybe some other sexy things, and I'd be getting this nice feeling, but then sleep seemed like something nicer and it would take charge of me.

So I decided to experiment. Next day I filled up the tub half full of water, so it was just up over my balls, and soaped my cock, 'cause I'd noticed the feeling every time I washed my prick. I sudsed and sudsed and sudsed it, with the feeling getting better and better. But then my cousin started banging on the door: “Jean-Michel, what are you *doing* in there?” – like she owned the bathroom, which she might as well have, all the time she spent in there on her hair and stuff.

That spoiled it, right when I thought I was getting somewhere. But that night, in bed, I had my victory. I came – dry, of course – and I knew why Jeromy had looked so goofy. It was the most wonderful feeling in the world, and I found I could keep on getting it – two, three times a day.

A month later Jean-Michel was up at the lodge in time for his twelfth birthday, and he was allowed to go along on one of the over-night canoe trips his father led. He shared a tent with an 18-year-old boy called Steve. He was thirteen when he told me about what happened then:

That was one of these super good-looking kids, so good looking you could see he was conceited about it. He had this terrific opinion of himself, but it was a funny thing, he was sexy, too. He just oozed sex – you could see it in the way he moved and looked at people. So I figured if he wanted to fool around I'd make it easy for him. OK, to be honest, I set out to put the make on him. I zipped our two sleeping bags together and when we crawled into them I turned on my side and grinned at him and put my hand on his chest and moved it around. He just lay there for a while staring up, and then he said, “You trying to act like my girl-friend or something?”

I didn't know what to say. I'd never thought about doing that, what Touhey'd done, as being what girls did. I was a boy. I did boy things. Then he said, “That's OK. If you like it, go ahead.” I still didn't say anything, so he said, “Come on, little boy, you start something you better finish it.” And he shoved his skivs down to his knees and worked his toes out of them and hooked them up with his feet and then he took my hand and put it right down over on his cock and showed me the stroke he liked.

*Was it different from the way Touhey'd liked it?*

Not really. They were both uncircumcised tools. Uncut cocks don't need all the special techniques us cut kids have to use. It was just, “Speed up. Slow down. Grab it a little higher... or lower.” I told him to tell me when he was getting close, and he did: “OK, kid, do it fast, and when I grab your hand don't let go but don't move it any more either.” I got him off, only he was quieter than Jeromy, and this time, the first time for me, there was a splash.

*You mean... an ejaculation?*

Yeah. He grabbed those skivs he'd slipped out of and used them to mop up, and when he was through he tossed them away – on *my* side of the tent. Then he turned his back to me and pressed his butt up against my hip and said, “I'm wiped. Good night, kid.” Pretty soon I could tell from his breathing and the little jerks that went through his body that he was asleep.

*Wait a minute. He didn't jerk you off or any- thing?*

Steve? You got to be joking. But I didn't really mind. I was *learning*. And those skivvys were lying right there where I could reach out and grab them, which is what I did. Because there'd been

this new smell. I'd noticed it just after he'd come.

*The smell of mature male semen.*

I held the skivs in front of my nose – nothing unusual at first, just the normal crotch smells older guys have, then I got to one of the wet spots, and, you're right, that was my first smell of sperm.

*Did you like it?*

Sure. What do you think? It was real exciting. I was real excited. 'Cause all this time I'd been playing with my cock with my other hand. I brought myself off – and it was a good one – breathing all those nice smells in conceited Steve's dirty underpants!

*One more step...*

Next thing I know I'm waking up with Steve's arms around me. He had me in a tight hug from behind and he sure as hell wasn't asleep any more. He was breathing hard into my ear and dicking me between my legs. I mean, his cock was sliding back and forth under my balls and it was as slippery as a fish. I said something brilliant like, "What the fuck...?" and tried to move away, but he had me in this bear hug. He told me "to make it tighter" – his words – and when I didn't know what that meant he said, "Between the legs, dummy. I was almost there." And then came that smell of sperm again, and he did nothing to get me off again, as anybody could have predicted, except maybe me!

Jean-Michel's next experience was better. The following week a man and his son took one of the log cabins. The father was what the Roules called "the old kind of sportsman", the sort of man who measured the success of his nature experience by the fanciness of his equipment and the sheer poundage of fish and game he brought back at the end of the day. The boy, Howie, however, was quite different. Jean-Michel was fifteen when he described what happened.

The kid was a couple of years older than me, say fourteen, and what he didn't know about the bush would fill a library. But he had the curiosity of an explorer. His dream was to sail around the world on a sail boat – no, it wasn't a dream: he was going to do it! First night after supper he stood looking at the topo map of our area on the wall for what seemed like hours. Then he started asking me questions. How far was it to this lake? Were there trails? How'd you get over to this other river? So I sort of took him on, since he absolutely refused to go out and sit in a boat with his father all day.

For the next two weeks, after he'd sold the guests all the minnows and worms they wanted, Jean-Michel would set out into the bush with Howie. He had a favorite place in those days. Hidden Lake didn't show on the topo map, and you could just barely see a little bit of tell-tale black on the aerial photo. Jean-Michel took me there several times and I found it as magical a place as he described it. Although small, the lake was very deep, with a tiny meadow on one shore and small vertical cliffs on all other sides overhung with trees. And it was here Jean-Michel took Howie that first day.

We were all real hot and sweaty when we got there – you know how that is – and the first thing I did was talk Howie out of his clothes and into the lake with me. We horsed around for a bit, tread water, because there was just about no place where the lake is shallow enough to stand up, and then we layout on that grassy spot to dry out and warm up in the sun and eat our lunch. And then I lay back and let myself bone up. I wanted to see what his reaction would be.

*And what was it?*

He tossed me my pants to get into. I said I didn't feel like dressing. He said, "I think you better cover yourself." I said, "Why, just 'cause I got a hard-on?" And he turned red as blood. Howie was a real tenderfoot and tenderskin. He was skinny. He had a crop of pimples on his forehead and freckles about everywhere else the sun had got – his nose and hands and arms. The rest of his body was milk white, except for his blond hair. So when he blushed he really changed color. I thought that was neat. I laughed at him and made him do it as often as I could, but I sort of envied him, too. I started calling him Chameleon, which got shortened to Camel, then Cam. It was sort of his and my code name for him, and he gave me what I'm called most of the time now by the other kids, "J.M."

I started jerking off – slow and lazy, like I wasn't really serious, like I was inviting him to join me. I gave him time to get relaxed about what was going down. You had to do that with Howie. He wasn't the sort of kid that would just jump into things without looking pretty good first. When I thought the time was right I pounced on him and started wrassling. I made sure our boners were bumping into each other and rubbing on our stomachs and hips. It started going the way I wanted. He got me on my back and held my wrists beside my ears. We'd worked up a pretty good sweat... and suddenly, without him hardly grinding up to it at all, he came. His face got that same goofy expression I'd seen on Jeromy's, and there was the smell. I said, "Hey, wait, get off, I want to see."

He rolled away. I took up a sort of globby drop of his sperm that was running down my hip and looked at it close. I'd felt sperm, I'd smelled it, but this was the first time I'd seen any of it. It wasn't the same all the way through, I remember. Some of it was only milky, and then there were miniature thick, clotty white swirls. "So this is the stuff that's got all those millions of fish-tail things in it!" I said. I must have sounded like Ricky Shroder in one of those dumb movies – Oh, gosh, golly gee, Uncle Harry, you mean that bike is really for me!

But Howie looked like he was destroyed. "I'm sorry," he said. He'd turned bright red again. The guy was dying of shame. "Don't be," I told him. "I wanted to see this." I sniffed the sperm. I rubbed it between my fingers. It was getting sticky, and it wasn't really slippery at all. But Howie said, "I don't mean just... that stuff. I mean everything. It was my fault."

So I thought, 'Oh, no, here we go. Jeromy all over again. I said, "You crazy? I started it. I knew just what was going to happen." Then I told him let's take a dip and wash up. I said, "Maybe this stuff will fertilize some frog's eggs or something." Howie was still blushing but he looked relieved and smiled and said, "That how they make frogmen?"

So now we had another one of our famous code words: frog-men. We could use it at the lodge at night, when the grown-ups asked us where we'd gone and what we'd done: "Oh, we went to White River to be frogmen." And I'd giggle and Howie'd blush, and everyone thought, if they thought anything at all, we'd just been skinny-dipping.

A couple of days later we walked up to The Lookout. [One of the higher points in the area: a wooded rise with a vertical cliff on the north-east side. – J.W.] We ate our lunch at the top dangling our legs over the edge. Howie had absolutely no fear of heights – this is a good thing, I suppose, if you're going to take a sailboat around the world and have to scramble up a mast every so often in the middle of the rough ocean. The top of The Lookout's a great place to make out because there's deep, soft moss everywhere there aren't rocks. Howie said, "I been looking forward to making frogmen." I said, "Me, too." He said, "I been thinking about nothing else the last couple of days." So I suggested the Steve routine, only I got him lying on his back, sort of half propped up against a mossy rock, and I got on his lap with my back to his chest and pulled his dick



up between my legs, and clamped my legs on it. I told him to hump, and he did for a few minutes, but then he said, "Wait. This isn't working." I said, "Why?" He said, "I don't know. It needs to be slippery or something." I'd forgot when we'd rubbed off over there at Hidden Lake we'd been sweaty.

*Come on: you both weren't that naive?*

We were! We'd brought nothing – even though we'd known we were going to be doing this. Howie said, "Would you mind – would you really gross out – if we put spit on it?" Hell, I didn't mind. He got his cock; I got between my legs, and, well, it worked. It made all the difference in the world, he said. Pretty soon I just felt these nice waves underneath of his humping me. It was like lying on the bottom of a rowboat when there were waves on the lake, only now there wasn't the smell of a fishing boat but of crushed dried moss and lichen and hot pine trees. And this time his hands were going all over me, and I was playing with my cock.

That night I slept with him in his bedroom in his dad's cabin. There were two beds in there, of course, but after his father settled down and turned out the light in his room Howie came over into my bed, with his big cock, and I took it between my legs again, only this time we used sun-proof cream and I was again on top of him but we were stomach to stomach. That was nicer, for both of us. I could rub off downwards on him, making my movements match the waves of his humping and we could snuggle our chins into each other's shoulders. Also we'd put a beach towel under us to catch Howie's jizz.

After he squirted we lay next to each other, on our backs, and talked for the longest time. It was like we were becoming best friends. We'd play with each other's cocks and keep on talking. I let him bring me off again before we went to sleep, and it seemed I'd no sooner dropped off than he was shaking me awake and climbing on top of me and rubbing off on my tummy. And we started in again in the morning, but we had to finish it in a hurry 'cause all of a sudden his dad pounded on the door and burst in. Howie was on top of me, under the covers, humping away, so he made like we were wrestling in bed. His dad bellowed, "Up 'n at 'm!" and Howie – he could think fast when he had to – said, "I'm trying to get him up but he keeps wanting to go back to sleep!"

*That was your first all-night, wasn't it?*

Well, except for Steve, which doesn't really count.

*How was it?*

I think that must be what's nice about being married – the other person's just there, wanting it, too, and wanting sleep, too. It's great to wake up and the other person's there, right beside you so you can feel his body heat, and you're naked and you have a hard-on and you're not worried about it, and you just move in, snuggle up. And all those nice smells...

*Well, in the morning...*

That's fine – the funny way your mouth is, and the other person's, too – that's fine. That's all human. Like the way skin smells. And hair. Howie's hair was just great, I remember that, especially after it got all sweaty tearing through the bush.

When Jean-Michel returned to school in the autumn he found that in the junior high there was an active sex club which, because of his friendship with a somewhat older boy (and probably also because of his good looks), he was invited to join. By then, at twelve and a half, he was going into puberty: his penis was lengthening, his voice was becoming more resonant if not actually deepening. He was still, however, able to have multiple orgasms, and that stood him in good stead during the inevitable initiation he had to undergo in order to become a member of the "Sex Pirates", as they called themselves. Less fortunate was

a slightly older boy whose initiation Jean-Michel described to me when he was fourteen:

That afternoon it was Peters' turn – "long play" Peters we called him, because it was known that it took him hours to come, and we told him we were going to jack him off without stopping, and he had to get sperm three times during the initiation or he wouldn't get in. Poor guy, he was old enough so there was no way he could fake it, 'cause there'd be no jizz. When they initiated me I could have faked all I wanted 'cause I was still dry in those days. Well, he'd been saving it, I guess – you know, hadn't played with it for a few days – because the first time didn't take too long, but he had one of those sensitive cock-tips that tickles something terrible after orgasm, and for the next three or four minutes he was writhing on that table like he was being tortured, which he was. Then the sex feeling came back again, but after twenty minutes he still wasn't anywhere near coming, and we had to keep changing jerker-offers, because a guy's arm gets tired after a while, don't you know?

*Jesus, poor kid, weren't you doing anything to help him at all?*

The idea wasn't to help him; it was to make it as hard for him as we could. He had to prove he was good enough to come into our club.

*Some boys, you know, only do it three times a month. It's not fair to expect them to come three times in one afternoon!*

So, we weren't fair. Well, after a while we started to get more fair. One of the kids wanted Peters in, so we let Peters tell us ways to make it go better – do it fast, now slow, use two fingers and a thumb, stroke his balls – and at last he shot out a little sperm. And then he was howling in agony again from the sensitive tip. His cock shrunk right up...

*I don't blame it...*

...and we were about to give up on him and not let him join our club – because all of us were getting sick of it by now – then he whispered to his friend that if we made it slippery it might go better. Well, we didn't have much except spit, but that got him a boner again, and then he started telling us all the things we could do that he thought were sexy, like running our fingers over his face and stroking the inside of his thighs, and then we had the idea of jacking ourselves off on him – maybe seeing us do it would be a turn-on, like running water to get you in the mood to piss, so we stood over him jerking our cocks and every so often one of us shooting sperm into his face or his chest or his cock. Now the hand working on his cock was going squidge-squidge in a big, dripping, bubbly mixture of flob and sperm and pre-come and sweat, and then he got this triumphant look on his face and yelled, "I'm gonna come – I'm coming!" and damned if about three drops of light milk didn't finally ooze out of his piss slit.

Howie came back to Hiawatha Lodge the next summer, but this time as help. His parents were separating; the atmosphere in his home, according to Howie, was "lethal". Howie was now fifteen, growing out of his gangliness and old enough to be useful. Matt Roule gave him a small stipend. He shared Jean-Michel's room, and often his bed as well. Jean-Michel told me about that summer a year later:

That's when I really learned about sex. That's when Howie learned about sex, too. We learned from each other. We taught each other. We tried everything.

I remember when he stepped off the launch that summer, wearing his city clothes and carrying suitcases. Man, did he look good. He had this nice haircut. His face had more angles in it, but it

was stronger, too. And then we got his bags up to my room and he took his shirt off and... wow! I said, "Howie, you been lifting weights or something?" 'Cause he had this really super chest and muscles on his arms.

*I imagine you'd grown a bit, too.*

Well, yeah, we looked each other over pretty close. We couldn't wait till sack time. But then he did something that really blowed my mind. He said, "J.M., lick your lips." I said, "Why?" "Just do it." I did. He said, "First time it's better yours be wet than mine – better for you." And then he took my face in his hands and tilted it up – I was still half a head shorter than him – and brought his lips down to mine and kissed me. He kissed me long and slow and sucking. I didn't know what to make of that, but my cock did. It had been standing up for the last hour about, ever since we'd spotted the launch coming up the lake, but now it was *transmitting!*

That night we kissed some more. He laid me out on my bed, naked, and then he started kissing me and stroking me all over until I was about going nuts from frustration, because he wouldn't let me get a hold of my cock. "That's *my* toy," he said. Then he started licking me between the legs, and I thought he was getting ready to put his cock in there, but instead he licked my balls and then what was standing up above them. I said, "Howie, that's my peter you're licking!" He said he knew it was my peter and asked if I'd ever been sucked off. Well, would you believe I didn't even know what that was? Howie said he'd never done it, but he'd try, if I didn't mind. And then all of a sudden my cock was in his mouth and he was sucking on it and it was the most beautiful feeling I think it had ever had. I must have yelped or something, because Howie reached up with his spare hand that wasn't holding the base of my cock and clamped it over my face and I got the message: I had to keep still. But I liked his hand there, feeling my face. It felt nice and warm and it smelled good, a little of all the things it had been into that day. I grabbed it and held it there, over my mouth so I could moan and groan and snort into it as he did the most wonderful things with his lips and tongue to me down below. Man, if it had been good the summer before, this was absolutely unimprovable – I thought. Yeah, well, I know, I had a lot to learn!

We didn't get much sleep that night, and maybe not the night after, but gradually we settled down into a nice routine. We did all our sex in *his* bed, so there wouldn't be any suspicions about sperm stains. He was old enough so it would be suspicious if there *weren't* any in his sheets! And was he ever getting sperm – and shoot! I'd crawl into his bed as soon as we put out the light and we'd have round one. Then in the middle of the night I'd wake up and go to him or I'd wake up with him carrying me over to his bed. That was a kind of sleepy round, usually him on top of me, humping. Afterwards sometimes I'd stay there the rest of the night, but anyhow I always set the clock radio twenty minutes before the normal get-up time so we could have an early morning quickie. That was our normal night. And if we had a chance during the day we'd maybe rip one off in the middle of the afternoon, like on a free day when we went on a hike.

Jean-Michel's sexual repertoire further expanded that summer through contacts with adult men. Jean-Michel told me about it several years later when he had just turned fifteen:

One night Howie came up to our room looking like the cat that'd swallowed the canary. He'd been propositioned by one of the guests, Mr. Lucas, who was this wilty man from New York. And Mr. Lucas didn't just want one guy to get it on with, but two. He wanted to be the extension cord in B-J, if you get what I mean. Howie told him, "I'll have to talk to my buddy." "Who's that?" "Jean Michel." "My dear, that one's under the limit." But there was nobody else, so Mr. Lucas

finally decided I was a keeper after all and we took him out guiding in a canoe. He sat in the middle pretending to troll and drank port wine and chattered about all sorts of things – “You know, my dear, you could be a *model*.” – to Howie who had his shirt off paddling in the stem, and I made stupid faces at Howie behind Mr. Lucas's back. “But you'd have to take off *everything*, that impossibly naughty pair of torn blue-jeans for a start.” Mr. Lucas had fallen in a big way for Howie. He'd love to take Howie back to New York with him for a few weeks – “A young lad like you should learn about *real* living. Have you ever been to a symphony concert? Have you ever seen an opera?” And I mugged a fat soprano like you see sometimes on TV singing her heart out and breaking eardrums.

We got to Bentley Cliffs and pushed the canoe into the bushes and climbed up to a safe, mossy place. Mr. Lucas said in a fluty voice, “Don't you boys have to *pee*?” Well, I suppose we did. I started to wander off, or at least turn my back on him – you know how it is – you don't just pee where a grown-up can see everything – but that's just what Mr. Lucas wanted – to see everything. “No, no!” he yelped. He sounded like a little boy scared you'd take away his lolly-pop. So we had to stand and face him. “Make it go higher – as high as you can.” Howie got this real embarrassed grin – and elevated. I elevated, too – and I beat him, in height and distance. “Good, good!” Mr. Lucas squealed. “Oh, lovely! Two nature boys being natural in the far north! I'll remember that sight as long as I live.”

*But did you do anything with him except canoe and pee?*

You bet. He took off his clothes, and his thing was up. We made a pad out of all our clothes for him to lie down on, and then Howie straddled Mr. Lucas's face and let him suck on his bone.

*And you?*

I was the wall plug – the other end of the extension cord.

That was the idea, wasn't it? He tried to pay us afterwards, but Howie got mad. What did Mr. Lucas think we were – whores? “Oh, you mean you liked it?” Well, not exactly, not like we liked it getting it on with each other. But he *was* a guest and we wanted to see he enjoyed himself at the lodge. “Enjoyed myself? That was ecstasy!” “Well, we can't do it every day,” Howie started to explain, but Mr. Lucas interrupted him. “I'm a *collector*, dear boy. Once is enough, and all I need. Besides, I go home tomorrow.”

*Was it, on the whole, a plus experience for you?*

Definitely.

*How?*

I didn't know grown-ups went for that.

*There was Touhey, wasn't there?*

I suppose so, but this guy belonged to a whole *crowd*. He sent his friends. Pretty soon Mom was saying, “We seem to be attracting a lot of artists this summer.” Only they weren't artists, most of them. One was a dentist, another worked in a bank. There was a lawyer, a magazine feature article writer. But they all *did* talk arty, about theater and paintings and houses – I mean how houses looked inside. You could think they were artists from the way they talked. They seemed to be misfits up here in the bush. They kept batting at insects, even the ones that didn't bite. Campfire smoke was always following them around. They talked as if coming to our lodge was like trekking to Tibet.

*And all the time what drew them there was you and Howie.*

Right. We had a busy summer.

*Were you sleeping around?*

Like in their cabins?

Yes. *Overnight.*

Howie and I always slept together – in my room. We'd get it on with the men during the day. And not all of them wanted Howie. Some of them preferred me. And after Howie left to spend the rest of his vacation with an aunt, they *had* to settle for me. I never made out with them in their cabins. We always did it when they took me as guide for the day.

*Fishing guide?*

Fishing guide, hiking guide, nature guide, take your pick. By then Dad had taught me plenty about animal tracks and plants and rocks and stuff. I knew enough to play school teacher to those city types, and they liked my little lectures – or they pretended to.

*And the sex – did you like that?*

Sometimes I did, if I thought the guy was nice.

*Or good looking?*

Come on – it's not like with a girl. Looks don't matter much. Well, some – I wouldn't want to get sucked off by the Hunchback of Notre Dame. It's if I like a guy, I figure he's genuine – with me, at any rate – well, that's what's really important.

*But it was never like with Howie?*

Oh, Lord, I don't know. Howie was – is – like an older me. It's hard to compare.

*What's the best orgasm you've ever had?*

Jeez. I've had so many good ones. I don't know...

*Were the best ones with Howie?*

Well... maybe. But I've had some pretty good ones alone in bed thinking about a girl I've just met.

*What about Larry?*

Yeah, maybe the best ones have been with him.

Larry, like the dentist and the lawyer and the magazine feature writer, came to Hiawatha Lodge a year later because of grape-vine information that there was a charming 14-year-old up there who felt getting it on with guests who desired him was simply his contribution to the family effort to be good hosts. Larry, however, was an oceanographer attached to one of the important marine biology research stations. For once, Jean-Michel had an adult lover who knew a great deal more about aquatic life than he did. Larry fell hopelessly in love with the boy, and Jean-Michel, although at first somewhat frightened by the intensity of Larry's feelings, developed the kind of delight in sex, hero-worship and intense commitment on the plane of friendship which is often as close to romantic love as a heterosexual boy in adolescence is likely to develop for a man.

Larry came to the lodge only two weeks before Jean-Michel had to go back to school. He virtually took the boy over, as Jean-Michel told me when he was seventeen:

We spent day after day in the canoe, or walking ourselves crazy all over the area. And sex with him was so great! He had a fantastic bod – not flabby like the others in that crowd. He was hard, from pulling up deep-sea cores out in the stormy north Atlantic and walking all over the place along the rivers in Labrador. You'd feel so, I don't know, *complete* making out with him.

*Did you – do you – love him?*

God, yes!

Larry made an excellent impression on Jean-Michel's parents, too. While his mother seemed blissfully unaware of any erotic undercurrents in the relationship between man and boy, Jean-Michel suspected his father knew. "One day he took me aside and gave me a big lecture on VD," Jean-Michel told me several years later. This was in the days before AIDS. "He didn't leave out homosexual transmission – in fact, he stressed it. He also made it clear that as far as he was concerned one kind of love was as good as another, and maybe fucking with a girl wasn't the greatest idea for a boy until he got to be at least a senior in high school – too much might go wrong through inexperience and over-protective parents."

Jean-Michel was fifteen when he described what happened next in their relationship.

I just about fell apart when that launch left with Larry. In two short weeks I'd *got used to* having him around. It wasn't just making out – although I missed that like mad, too. It was waking up and coming down to breakfast and knowing he'd be there, and knowing we'd be together all day, and him showing me things and talking about the Institute and his work there, and also me telling him all about me. That's what I missed the most. It was like I'd known him all my life and when he left it was like losing family and best friend and brother and dad, I don't know, all in one – like you never knew if you'd ever see him again.

As it turned out, the two were to be reunited relatively soon. The marine institute periodically hosted groups of motivated high school students for a week of study. They would make day-trips with the kids on the research ship, coring the sea-bottom, gathering water samples and sediment and data on the marine life in the local estuaries. The students would collect and catalog and have the run of the institute's library to help them with the projects either the Institute or their schools had assigned them. Larry invited Jean-Michel to one of these sessions in late October. The boy's academic record was good, and he was able to pressure his science teacher into inventing a project which would justify a week's absence from school. Armed with that, he got permission from his parents and, somewhat surprised that all had gone so easily, he found himself on the appointed day riding the transcontinental bus toward the Institute and Larry. He told me about his trip the next summer:

I'd never been on a long bus trip before. It was mostly boring, especially at night. People kept getting on and off. Sometimes there was someone sitting beside me; most of the time I had the two seats to myself. I had a hard-on *all the time!* At first I kept thinking, 'I gotta jerk off and get rid of this load,' and then I'd be disgusted with myself for not saving it for Larry. Finally I did jerk off. I couldn't hold out any longer. There was this guy sleeping next to me, breathing into my face, it wasn't even night. I sneaked my cock out and covered it with my handkerchief and caught that load in my handkerchief. That night I did it a couple of more times. I was so ashamed of myself for not having any self-discipline. But there's nothing to *do* on a long bus ride. You just sit there and it jiggles and you think about what's waiting for you at the other end. So you jack off. More and more often. When I pulled my handkerchief out of my pocket at Larry's house later it smelled like a chlorine factory. And still when Larry met me at the bus station I had a hard-on.

*And he did, too, I'll bet.*

Yup. I checked that out in the car. We went right to his bedroom. I didn't even *see* his home at first. I just told him this was an emergency. We stripped and hugged, and – this was embarrassing – I shot off before we even lay down on his bed. There I was sprinkling his carpet with my sperm and he hadn't even had a chance to get his mouth on my spigot, or even get a good hold on it yet.

*I'd think he'd have taken that as a compliment.*

Yeah, he did. We laughed about it. He put some potato chips in my mouth and gave me a Coke and let me have about twenty minutes to recover, and then we went back up to his bed and crawled in and stayed there the rest of the afternoon. His legs were shaking when we finally had to get up to make supper.

Jean-Michel described in great detail exactly what he and the other students had done every day. It was probably the most intellectually stimulating week he had ever spent. He told me years later he'd felt like a bow-string tightened up to maximum tension and always thrumming to some sympathetic vibration. He was thrilled by the courses, the work, the library. Only the boat trip hadn't gone so well:

We didn't stay in the estuary: we went out into the Atlantic and there was a good wind blowing. And I got sick. I was so goddamned mad! What we were doing – sampling the bottom, taking cores, dragging up shellfish and shrimps – was so fascinating, and I was just green the whole time. Larry tried to help. He fed me pills but by then it was too late. I started to barf. Larry held my head as I decorated the side of that boat with what I swear was green scrambled eggs. I just wanted to be alone. I didn't want Larry to see me like that, but he held onto me so I wouldn't fall overboard. I puked and puked until there was nothing but slime coming up and hanging off of my nose. God, what a sight I must have been! He hugged me and didn't mind the mess and the stink. He mopped up my face. Only a real friend would do that. When we came back to the institute, he put me right to bed, but, except for a sore stomach, I was fine in a couple of hours.

That trip cemented the relationship between Jean-Michel and Larry. The next fall, when Jean-Michel was fifteen, he went to live with Larry during the school year. He came home to visit his parents over Christmas and Easter vacations and again returned to spend his summer vacation at the Lodge, as before. That set the pattern for the next several years.

Jean-Michel now was growing up fast. He was no longer the charming little boy who had boy-loving gays flocking to the lodge to partake of his personal hospitality. He was far from celibate, but he was choosy. By his sixteenth summer he had reached a height of just under six feet. He wore glasses when he read – the round-lens, steel-rim spectacles then in favor with intellectuals. He had become a rather soft-spoken youth, yet one with considerable physical magnetism. I asked him then about the evolution of his sex life.

Well, there are dry stretches, especially up here.

*Larry doesn't mind your having other sexual contacts?*

That's rather complicated. He doesn't mind my having girl-friends – if he did, I don't know what I'd do – but, no, he really doesn't mind. And I wouldn't care if he wanted to get it on with another man, which he does once in a while. And if I do it with a kid my age he doesn't care, or a kid younger. I had something going with a 13-year-old last year, Donny, and he didn't mind at all. He even suggested a three-way, but Donny refused. I don't want Larry getting interested in another boy, and he doesn't want me getting interested in another man.

*But up here, with me, for one thing...?*

He knows I'm not about to put a chain and lock on it.

*Does he know we've been friends for, what, three or four years?*

Sure. He doesn't like it, but I don't really like being away from him, either. We just don't go into detail about our extracurricular affairs when we're apart. It's best that way. If I started thinking

too much about what Larry might be up to right now, with those groups of visiting kids, I could get real uptight. I'll probably find out eventually he laid a couple. When I'm feeling generous I sort of hope he does get it on with some of them, and the most beautiful and sexy boys in the crowd, but then I think, 'No, I hope he horns all up so when I come back in September we'll have a couple of comes that'll blow the roof off the house!'

*Tell me about Donny.*

That's a sly one. He figured out all by himself the scene between me and Larry. Officially I'm Larry's cousin. Only Donny has questioned that. I'd see him looking at me during school assemblies; he'd fight to get a seat near me, or behind me, at football games. He was always where I could see him. If he'd catch my eye he'd immediately grin. Then one day our school was playing away at another school and he sat on my lap in the mini-bus. He could feel I had a hard-on. Going back he got the same seat on me, and this time he pulled my hand into his crotch so I could feel that *he* had a hard-on. And, well, one thing led to another...

*Come on, don't be shy, what led to what?*

I invited him home. We went up to my room and got it on, that's all.

*You have your own room, then?*

Of course. I've got my posters, and sometimes print-outs all over my walls of some project I'm working on: I got a bed in there, too, and sometimes I even sleep in it, like when one of us is sick or something.

*How was it – with a younger kid? That was the first younger boy, isn't it?*

Yes. It was nice. It was kind of sweet. I don't mean he was innocent. Donny had been pulling his little friends' peters since he was ten, and getting sucked and sucking, too. I wouldn't be surprised if he's basically gay. He was kind of soft and cuddly like a girl, and you could kiss him like a girl. And then this puberty voice would come out of those lips, and a mischievous smile. It was all new for me. That went on for several weeks, once or twice a week. I suppose when I get back Donny will be wanting to do it again, which will be nice.

The next summer Jean-Michel arrived at the foot of the lake in an old car which he had bought, or, more likely, which Larry had helped him buy. He was full of his new girl-friend. He had by now had rather wide sexual experience with women – first with a young divorcee, then with several contemporaries who enjoyed “friendly but not very meaningful fucking”, to use his own words, with a number of attractive youths. With his girl-friend, however, he had a problem:

She's very proper. She'll get off, she'll get you off, so she doesn't blue-ball you like some of the real religious girls around town, but you don't get in there, no way. We'll be sitting there in my car and I'll have my cock out and her hand will be on it and my hands will be on her breasts, inside, and on – in – her pussy. But that's all.

*Does she go down on you?*

No way. But she does like my sperm. She likes it in her hanky. She tells me she often puts that hanky under her pillow at night.

*And meanwhile you're in Larry's bed.*

That's right. On a date with her she gets me worked up and in the mood and off once, and then I can sleep with Larry and work off all those left-over feelings. After one such night Larry said, “I think this is as good a deal for me as it is for you.”



Jean-Michel completed high school and went on to college, still living with Larry. He graduated with a bachelor of science degree in Zoology. When Larry got a new job on the west coast, Jean-Michel moved with him. It was there that he met his future wife. By this time erotic relations between Larry and Jean-Michel had all but stopped, although their friendship remained as firm as ever. “There's just no one, except my folks, of course, who's been more important to me – and, whom I love more,” he says.

Jean-Michel married when he was 21, claims to be “ecstatically happy” with his new home and family, has one child, a little girl, and a good job in the fisheries department of one of the western states. His parents still run the Hiawatha Lodge, although well over the age when most people retire. They hope that some day Jean-Michel and his wife will come back from the West and take over.

## *Postscript*

As I was completing this book, a friend handed me a prospectus for an important “child abuse” congress to be held in the autumn of 1989. There were workshops, seminars, concurrent lecture sessions. The congress would go on for a whole week, including Saturday. It struck me that not one of the papers allowed for the possibility that sexual experiences which a child or adolescent has might *not* be abusive, might even have a positive influence on his sexual and psychological evolution. I decided, then, to get in touch with each of the people whose stories make up this book and ask them what they thought of the new psychology of the child abuse industry in light of their own early experiences. Below are their six replies:

### *TEDDY*

I think this is just a fad. We get these sex abuse booklets at school and every so often someone comes to town and gives lectures to the parents and gets them all concerned. They carry things too far. I sometimes worry that they don't upset my kids more than they protect them.

I really can't see how all that sex hurt me at all. I enjoyed it at the time, sometimes a whole lot. The question is, am I a typical person? Some boys might be hurt by it. What I *can* say is that I never stopped wanting to get it on with girls; I probably would have started doing it just as soon as I had equipment big enough for the job if it had been easy. But in a small town that's very nearly impossible. Boys camp out, go fishing together, sleep at each others' houses, even in the same bed. So if you're a boy you can do things with other boys, but not with girls.

If I had to guess, I'd say that most sex boys have with other boys, and with men, for that matter, is harmless, as long as both of them want it. People nowadays are scared of AIDS, which was something we didn't have to worry about when I was a boy. That means a man has to be much more responsible, and people worry that in sex people often aren't responsible.

I think when AIDS is solved people will want to learn more about the effects sex has on kids. This congress you mention might be a start in that direction, but it all sounds pretty one-sided to me, too negative. I'm sure all those men and women are sincere, but I'd guess they had no first-hand experience. Maybe your book will help people like that get a better balanced picture.

### *TIMMY*

Oh, that's all just a whole lot of nonsense. I hated having to be secret about it. So did my brothers. So did Pete. If anything, getting it on with each other made us hornier to spread our wings and try out all we'd learned with girls. I won't claim I'm the world's greatest lover, but I'm sure not neurotic about sex. If I'm camping with a good-looking guy, for example, and he wants to suck my cock, hell, I'll let him. And a guy that likes guys, or boys, hell, that's fine. I wish him good luck and lots of sensational comes.

These silly feminists and shrinks just can't keep their noses out of other people's business. They've got to see something awful in everything you do. They should get their own lives in shape. What they all

need is a good screw, night after night, week after week. If they got that they wouldn't be doing all these stupid things.

## ***CORY***

I've thought a lot about the sex I had with Barry and Justin and all the others. I haven't really come to any conclusion about it, whether it was good or bad, but I do know I won't base my opinion on Christian morality.

What I've got to figure out is if all that early sex bent me somehow. I suppose I'll have to wait a few years, because some experts say the effects aren't noticeable for a very long time. So far I just seem to be having good sex, when I have a chance, and I don't see that I'm any different from the kids who'd just played with themselves until they managed to lay a girl. In fact, for many years I was ahead of them, I think. A lot of things I did with Justin and Barry translated into what you can do with a woman. So if I had to guess now about the effects of my early sex life I'd have to say that they were only good, and not bad at all. I think the people who are putting on that congress don't know very much about kids. I'd guess all they know is from books.

## ***DUANE***

To answer your question, sex is good if 1) both people want and enjoy it, and 2) it doesn't result in an unwanted pregnancy or disease. Any other view is religious or pseudo-scientific.

I wouldn't give up having had my early sex life. It helped me in every way. It was the key to me breaking out of the Care system and being independent. Without sex, none of those men would have taken an interest in me. What else does a run-away kid have? He can steal, or he can make partnerships with the right kind of man.

I'm out of the country most of the time, as you know, and I see lots of things which seem quite natural to me but which that crowd putting on your congress would say was horrifying. I've seen temple boy prostitutes – really. I've seen boy apprentices in various trades taken on because they were willing to be affectionate in bed with their masters. I know whole villages where each shepherd takes a young boy up to summer pasture with him, not just to help with the sheep but to fuck at night. Nobody complains.

I hope your book opens a few eyes to what really happens to kids like I was.

## ***DAVY***

[On the telephone – J.W.] Well, that's just what I'd expect from shrinks once they got into public life – lie, hurt people, manipulate feelings, never do a single fucking thing good for your country – your country is just one big Garden of Eden for you to exploit and ruin so you can get rich and join the local golf club. The best thing that could happen to America would be for the Russians to drop a bomb right on the White House and Congress.

*Well, it isn't really congress that's holding this meeting...*

They're behind it, aren't they? They're passing all these laws. You can't look at a picture that'll make you get a hard-on – and if you sell one, ten years in a concentration camp. Sure it's the fucking politicians.

They're the ones that are financing this whole business. They know the goddamned preachers have been scaring the people about sex for centuries, and now along comes "the new psychology", and the politicians think, 'Hey, wait, we can scare them even more. Work 'em up about their kids.'

*So you really don't have any doubts about your early sexual experiences, with other boys and with Ty?*

Absolutely not. It was all fine. It didn't hurt me at all. And that's the one thing the Establishment's scared of, isn't it? You can't have people *enjoying* sex, for god's sake. Hell, if people were convinced of that they might catch on to you. They might start blowing up churches. They might march over to the Kinsey Institute and put a stick of dynamite up a few assholes.

## ***JEAN-MICHEL***

I don't know why people get so worked up about all of this. It was just wonderful for me. I always liked women as a boy – and I always enjoyed getting it on with guys I liked. Now that I'm married I don't miss sex with other males, but what I do know is that having it off with guys back then, with Howie and especially with Larry, was great, and it didn't lessen my desire for girls one little bit. I owe just about everything to Larry. And that was a sexual relationship. It was cemented in spilled semen!

I suppose everybody thinks if a boy is having sex with another, especially a bigger, male, a cock has to be going up his asshole. They're right to worry about anal fucking, with AIDS these days, but they don't realize most men and boys don't anally fuck, and if they do, I suppose, they wear rubbers or aren't promiscuous and are sure of each other. A man who goes for boys doesn't want to die an early death any more than a man who goes for women. And his impulse is to protect a boy he's involved with rather than to expose him to risks. But perhaps the people of "the new psychology" don't know these things.

Anyhow, I treasure my early sex life as part of me, as part of my fund of experience I brought to my marriage. And along the way I gave a lot of joy to some other people I liked. There can't be anything too wrong in that.